

Morning Star

NORTH SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL
MEDIA CENTER
ELDRIDGE, IA 52748



2000-2001
Volume 18

The Morning Star

*(A morning star is a medieval weapon and is an excellent name for a publication that joins North Scott High's **The Lance and Shield**)*

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History of War in Ten Short Minutes

Written by Joe Kelly

Winner of The Quad-Cities Playwrights' Festival
Scholarship
Performed and Sponsored by Augustana College and
Area Theaters

Characters:

Will- He is the classic tall dark and handsome male. He is what a country's leader should look like: handsome and very charismatic. He is like a soap box salesman..

Roger- Roger portrays the jealous advisor of the King. He never acts as smoothly as Will, but he is an expert in war. He is like a door-to-door salesman.

Act 1 Scene 1

(Lights up. Will and Roger stand on stage facing each other. Roger raises his arm like he has a club and runs at Will. He hits Will. Will groans and dies. Falls to floor)

Roger:

(steps forward) Now as you may have noticed war began as a very primitive thing.

Will:

(stands up and walks next to Roger) Yes, getting hit on the head with a club is not a fun way to die.

Roger:

Now Will, you know there are more ways to die than just be hit on the head in primitive warfare.

Will:

How true you are. There were many w....

Roger:

(interrupting Will) You could be forced off of a cliff or you could be stabbed with a spear.

Will:

(stepping in front of Roger) As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted even the primitive man had devised many ways of killing. All of the methods stated by Roger are indeed true. *(bends over as if grabbing something)* The most prominent discovery of the primitive warfare was the bow and arrow. *(Will draws imaginary bow and releases arrow at Roger. Roger clutches his chest and groans and falls over dead.)*

(Lights out.)

Act 1 Scene 2

(Lights up again and Roger and will are galloping around the stage holding an imaginary shield and lance while riding an imaginary horse. Roger and Will ride their

horses towards each other. Will reaches out and plunges his lance into Roger. Roger screams and dies.)

Will:

(dismounting his imaginary horse) We have no reached the Middle Ages, and there have been many changes since primitive times. War has begun to become an art form. Things such as horseback riding and swordplay begin to dominate the battlefields.

Roger:

(sits up holding his head as if he were dazed) That really hurt, it was so much fun but it hurt.

Will:

(walks over to Roger and helps him up) Yes war has come a long way since the days of bashing each others heads in with clubs. *(Roger grins mischievously)* For example, men use animals instead of their own legs.

Roger:

True, but that was only enjoyed by the upper class fighters. The majority of the troops still had to hoof it. *(laughs very loudly, slapping his thigh)* Get it hoof it, horse? *(falls over laughing)*

Will:

(shakes his head at Roger) I think you need to get your head checked. *(to himself)* I hit him harder than I thought....

Roger:

Another thing that came with the Middle Ages is the art of swordplay. *(starts to say more but is interrupted by Will)*

Will:

My favorite part. *(grins like a giddy school boy)*

Roger:

Right.*(sarcastically)* Now there were two types of swordplay. The first was that of the broad sword. The broad sword was a huge weapon. *(Will pretends to draw a large and very heavy sword without success and the end drops to the floor)* The way people fought with this is by raising it up and swinging it with all their strength at the other person. *(as Roger says that Will mimics picking up the sword and doing what Roger says. Roger steps to one side. As he keeps talking about the broad sword Will keeps missing.)* Not much is needed here but brute strength. dodging the sword was easier said then done as a person was pulled to the ground by weighted armor. *(at this point Will falls over)*

Will:

(panting and breathing hard) That is tough work.

Roger:

Yes it was which is why the other form of swordplay was created.

Will:

(pathetically trying to raise his arms) I hope my arms still work.

Roger:

Peoples arms did get tired and could not fight long with the broad sword, so they invented...*(towards Will)* drum roll please *(back to audience)*... fencing!

Will:

I will handle this. *(pushes Roger aside who draws a rapier)* Fencing requires much dexterity as you attack your opponent with quick repetitive swings and stabs. *(Roger is fencing with an imaginary opponent)* It was a beautiful art form.

Roger:

(grinning) Care to see which form of swordplay is the best?

Will:

No thanks my arms are still tired.

Roger:

(grinning even more) Too bad. *(lunges towards Will's back with is sword. Will jerks forward screams and dies falling to the floor.)*

(Lights Out)

Act 1 Scene 3

(Lights up. Will rides towards Roger on an imaginary horse. Roger pulls out an imaginary pistol and shoots Will square in the chest. Will screams, falls off of his horse, and dies.)

Roger:

(in a Monty Python style French accent) Now you see the might of Napoleon. *(sticks hand inside of jacket and laughs madly)*

Will:

(sits up and grabs shoulder as if in pain) Now this is when firearms begin to be used in war. *(stands up with his right arm dangling useless at his side)*

Roger:

Yes in many ways the gun simplified war. *(looks at imaginary pistol)* All a soldier has to be able to do now is point *(aims pistol offstage)* and pull a trigger. *(fires pistol and says bang)* And the other guy is dead. *(drops pistol)*

Will:

(salutes Roger and speaks using same Monty Python French accent) Napoleon, Sir! We are victorious. *(in normal voice)* This was also the time of many rebellions. *(pulls out his own gun and shoots Roger)* What a wonderful coup. *(Roger screams and falls over dead.)*

(Lights Out.)

Act 1 Scene 4

(Lights up. Roger is shooting a rifle when he screams and falls over dead. Lights dimmed so as to give the appearance of night. Will walks out and drags Rogers body to the side of the stage. Lights up.)

Will:

(stops playing his imaginary harmonica) Brother fighting against brother. Its a sad day.
(pokes Roger, who is snoring, with his foot) You can get up now.

Roger:

(startled) You went and got my body...that means its night doesn't it?

Will:

(smiles down at Roger) Of course. The only time we can get the bodies is at night. I think if you plan on dying again you should eat a little less, your kind of heavy.

Roger:

Yeah...*(dreamily for a second then looks bewildered)* War hasn't changed much since the time of Napoleon has it?

Will:

Nope. We are still using the same kind of guns and fighting the same way.

Roger:

True and it is brother against brother. *(grins wickedly)* Now I see what they mean. *(stabs with bayonet on top of imaginary gun. Will screams and dies. Lights Out.)*

Act 1 Scene 5

(Lights up. Will and Roger are crouching behind imaginary bushes. Will yells "ah there's Charlie everywhere." He sits up straight as if to shoot and gets shot. Screams and dies.)

Roger:

(grabs hold of Will's arm and drags him back over to stage left.) Medic, *(looking offstage)* we need a medic.

Will:

(sitting up slowly. looking bewildered asks) Why are we here anyway. There is no purpose in our fight over here.

Roger:

(slaps will across the face) Never say that soldier. We are over here because our great country told us to be here. And I will be damned before I hear a soldier mock our country.

Will:

I am here because I would have been arrested if I went to Canada like I wanted too. Let these people fight their own war. Its clear they don't want us here. *(flashes the peace sign)* Chill out a bit.*(puffs imaginary joint)* Open your mind.

Roger:

Your a disgrace to that uniform soldier. *(looks back towards stage right. Eyes widen in fear.)* Incoming.*(roger dives offstage while Will curls into a ball. There is an explosion sound from offstage)*

Will:

(groans in pain) I'm hit. I never wanted to be here. The damn government made me. And here I die for no reason.*(head rolls back with tears in his unfocused eyes)*

(Lights Out.)

Act 1 Scene 6

(Lights up. Will and Roger are sitting in a chair facing each other. They laugh. Will then presses an imaginary button. They laugh again. Roger pulls a gun and shoots Will. Will screams and slumps in chair dead.)

Roger:

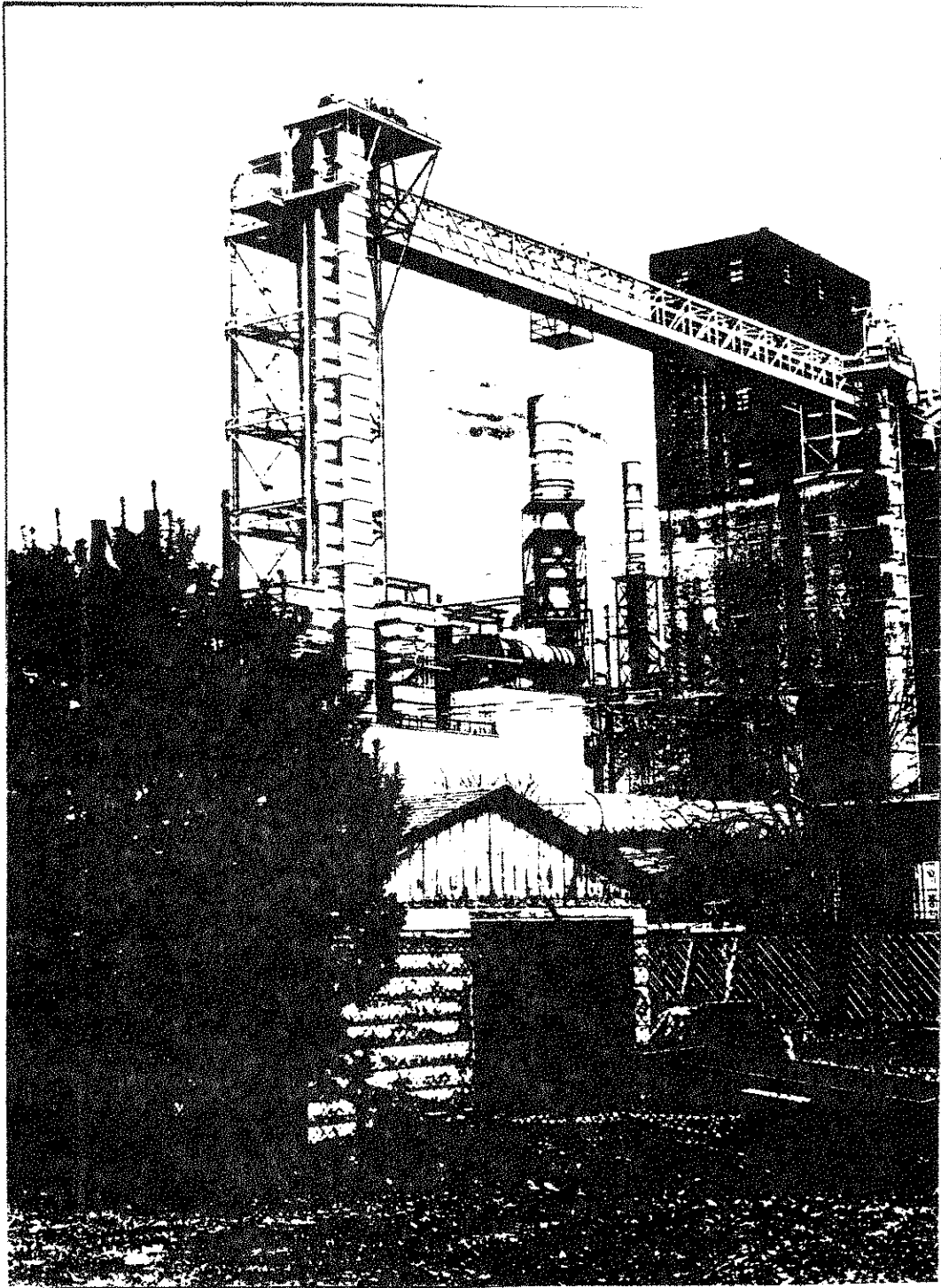
I can't believe war has come to that. Pushing a button to kill millions of people. I wonder what comes next...*(picks up glass. Raises it in mock salute to Will and drinks. Screams clutches at his throat and falls out of his chair dead.)*

Will:

(looks up, grins) That is whats next my friend. Poison works so nicely. It is much cleaner than shooting someone too. I am just glad you got the right glass. *(picks up his glass, grins and drinks. Clutches his throat screams and slumps on table dead.)*

(Lights Out. Curtains close.)

The End



Sarah Anderson (Photograph)
11th grade

Pikesville Oil

By: Cori Bell

Cast of Characters

- Joseph O' Kelley:** Poor laborer at Vanderbilt Oil Company
- Mattie:** Wife to Joseph
- Maryanne:** Daughter to Joseph (8 years of age)
- Eugene Vanderbilt:** President of Vanderbilt Oil Co.
- Sophia:** Wife to Eugene
- Randall:** Joseph's co-worker and good friend
- Simon:** President's assistant
- Angry Worker**
- Strikers/Laborers**

Prologue

In Pikesville, Maryland in the year 1896, the whole community centers around the large oil company, Vanderbilt Oil. Every economical situation is dependent upon that one company. Because of that, when the oil workers take a stand against the greedy president of the company, the business and town are sent spiraling downhill. The strike takes its toll on everyone in the community, even the president. The workers stand strong until their needs are met. The president will have to abandon his penny-pinching priorities to save to his oil company and the town.

Act I

Scene 1: (Early morning, 5:00 a.m. in the O' Kelley's home, Joseph and Mattie's bedroom. Lights dim. Joseph wakes up and gets out of bed very slowly. He stretches. He sighs finally standing up.)

Joseph: Why do I put myself through this every morning? Work, work, work....just to fall further behind.

Mattie: (rolling over sleepily) What did you say Joseph?

Joseph: Oh nothing dear. Just contemplating the meaning of life again. (Smiles)

Mattie: (still half asleep) Okay honey, goodnight.

Joseph: (Whispering to himself) Good morning Mattie.

(He slips out of the room and comes back with a kerosene lantern that is lit. He begins dressing for work.)

Joseph: (Mumbling softly) Just two more days until Sunday. Two more days, then I will be able to take a break and relax for a day. Two more days...you can do it Joseph.

(Enter Maryanne)

Maryanne: Rubbing her eyes) Daddy, are you leaving now?

Joseph: (Surprised look) For God's sake Maryanne, what are you doing up at this hour?

Maryanne: Well, are you? Weren't you going to say goodbye to me Daddy? I always wait for you to say goodbye.

Joseph: (Developing a smile) Oh darling! Of course I was going to say goodbye! Give me a quick hug and kiss, and then hurry back to bed. (Maryanne and Joseph hug. Maryanne gives Joseph a kiss on the cheek.)

Maryanne: Goodnight Daddy!

(Exit Maryanne)

Joseph: (Smiles again) Good morning, Maryanne. Why does everyone seem to think it's night time? (Joseph chuckles then sighs.) I wish it were night time.

(Exit Joseph)

Scene 2: (Oil fields at Vanderbilt Oil Company. Large crowd formed around main oil rig.)

(Enter Joseph)

Joseph: What the hell is going on around here?

Angry Worker: Randall asked Mr. Vanderbilt for a raise and was refused.

Joseph: I don't understand why that should be such a big shenanigan. I know Randall has very small wages, but many people with even smaller wages have asked for a raise and they were too, refused.

Angry Worker: (Growing angry.) You obviously didn't hear what Vanderbilt told him did you?

Joseph: (Shaking head looking confused) No, what?

Angry Worker: He told Randall that us "roustabouts" shouldn't even be dreaming of getting a raise. Much less asking for one! (Voice rising) He told Randall that we should be glad to have this job! We should be praising the Lord for this job. (Hands and arms rose toward the sky. Voice changes to a sarcastic imitation of Vanderbilt.) Because there are plenty of other able bodied men out there willing to do the job.

(Before Angry Man's speech, Randall taking to crowd softly. Sometime during the speech everyone in the crowd redirects attention to Angry Man. After speech crowd begins to murmur.)

Randall: It's true Joseph. He told me we were a dime a dozen!

Angry Worker: Can you believe that nonsense? This group of "roustabouts" works harder for him than any one of his associates. If anything, they're a dime a dozen. They sit on their duff all day, listening to babbling idiots talk about how to make a better profit with the oil we slave all day, everyday to get out of the damn ground!

Joseph: Calm down! Now I am in favor of doing something about this as much as everyone else, but if we are going to do anything at all we have to be organized...

Randall: (Interrupting) I say we strike!

Crowd: (murmurs in apprehension about the idea.)

Randall: No! Don't tell me that we are going to stand here and take this. Are you willing to keep putting up with abuse?

Joseph: (Nodding head, visibly getting excited about the idea. Steps up next to Randall.) Are we going to be men and stand up for ourselves?

Crowd: STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! (Etc...nodding heads and fists raised)

Joseph: (To Randall) Let's go announce to Vanderbilt that we just developed a backbone.

Randall: Yeah!

Crowd: STRIKE! STRIKE! (Continually fading as exciting)
(Exit crowd with Joseph and Randall in the lead.)

Scene 3: (Two months after the strike began. Afternoon in the Vanderbilt's home. Vanderbilt's study. Mr. Vanderbilt is doing paperwork at his desk with Simon standing by his side.)

Mr. Vanderbilt: You know Simon, you really don't have to be here today. It isn't in your job description to service me at my home.

Simon: My pleasure Mr. Vanderbilt. Would you like anything? Something to drink or eat?

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Growing agitated) Simon, I have a butler for that.

Simon: Of course.

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Sounding exasperated) I'm sorry, Simon. I don't mean to be so rude to you. I just...I don't know. I feel so stressed. I just...feel so stressed. I'm not sure what to do with these damn men! Nothing I offer them is good enough. Have I really been so bad to them? Some of those men aren't even qualified for manual labor! But I employed them anyway, knowing they had families to take care of. I know how that is. I'm a family man myself, you know. What else can I give them?

Simon: (Attempting to be empathetic) I don't know Mr. Vanderbilt. I really don't know. The whole town is talking about this strike! They're saying it's the worst thing that's ever happened in Pikesville! Have you been into town lately? I mean *really* into town? It's horrible! Stores closing left and right. There are people practically living on the streets because they don't have anywhere else to go. They can't afford to live in their houses anymore. It's so sad. And then there are the strikers. Signs everywhere, claiming this mini-depression is your entire fault. When in reality it's their own fault. They will stop at nothing Mr. Vanderbilt. Not until they get exactly what they want. And I am not sure they honestly know what that is.

Mr. Vanderbilt: You're right, Simon. But how can I give them what they want if they don't even know what they want? How do I do that? I'm not a mind reader, Simon. Do they not see that this strike is not only affecting them, but others as well, me included? My family business is about to be thrown out of existence. That oil company has been in the family for decades. I can't keep my head afloat with all the bills Sophia and I have to pay for. I can't afford to keep my beautiful house. If it weren't a family heirloom, I would have already sold it for the company. I don't know if I can even afford my company anymore. If I shut it down, practically the whole town will be out of work. Oh, Simon... I just can't take this anymore.

Simon: (Timidly) This is just a guess on my part Mr. Vanderbilt, and please don't take this the wrong way, but perhaps that is how these strikers feel everyday of their life. They were just too scared to lose what dignity they had left to say

anything about it. I think that maybe it just got bottled up inside of them and one day someone popped their cork and ignited and it spread like wildfire.

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Bewildered) What did? What are you talking about?

Simon: Have you ever been scared to do something because no one else was doing it? But once someone else did it, you weren't scared to do it anymore?

Mr. Vanderbilt: Well I suppose... Where are you going with this idea Simon?

Simon: That's what it's like for them, Mr. Vanderbilt! Can't you see that? No one would take a stand alone, but together....(Pause for dramatic effect) together they can move mountains.

Mr. Vanderbilt: Simon, are you taking their side?

Simon: Mr. Vanderbilt, maybe there are no sides. I was merely trying to make my understanding of this strike clear to you. Don't you agree with me even a smidge? No, I have a better question. Even if you did agree with me, would you admit to it? Would you admit that you can somehow relate to your "roustabouts"?

Mr. Vanderbilt: Simon, do you honestly believe that I am so wrapped up in myself that I wouldn't admit to.... that (Spitting out the word).

Simon: Well...

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Cutting in on Simon) Of course I'm not! Maybe you have a point Simon. Maybe I can relate to these strikers. A little! But how is that supposed to help me end this strike?

Simon: Put yourself in their shoes. What would you want done if you were one of them?

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Understandingly) Yes, of course Simon. I will do just that. Do you know of a Joseph O' Kelley? I've been hearing a lot about this fellow. Perhaps I should talk with him to find out what the strikers want.

Simon: Perhaps you should.

(Lights Dim)

Scene 4: (Vanderbilt's office at Vanderbilt Oil Company. Both Mr. Vanderbilt and O' Kelley are sitting at Vanderbilt's desk.)

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Attempting to be funny) Mr. Joseph O' Kelley, seems you've been raising a lot of fuss lately.

Joseph: Well sir, with all due respect I believe it's a necessary fuss that we've raised.

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Eyebrows rise) Do you Mr. O' Kelley?

Joseph: Yes sir. I believe that it was about time us men took a stand to get a little respect around here.

Mr. Vanderbilt: You do realize you are putting the whole town in jeopardy because you want some respect right?

Joseph: Sir, I believe you are wrong on that aspect. As workers in your company, I believe that we deserve as much respect as anyone else around here.

Mr. Vanderbilt: Do you believe that you deserve as much respect as I receive?

Joseph: Mr. Vanderbilt, I'm going to be frank with you. You don't scare me. You don't scare anyone of us. You never have either. We all needed our jobs

because we have families to take care of. And to answer your question, yes. I sure as hell deserve as much respect as you do. We are both human beings and we both deserve the same amount of respect just because of that. But if that reasoning isn't good enough for you then I have another one. Without me, and people like me, you are nothing. You and your family's company are absolutely nothing at all.

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Looking surprised) Well, I guess I Am put in my place then.

Joseph: If you want to look at it that way, and we want to be in our rightful place as well.

Mr. Vanderbilt: So what can I give you and the workers, Mr. O' Kelley, that will make you a hard worker again? Besides respect of course.

Joseph: We all would like at least a 20% raise. And besides respect, nothing else at all.

Mr. Vanderbilt: That is honestly all you want?

Joseph: That is honestly all we want.

Mr. Vanderbilt: Done.

Joseph: Great! But you are going to have to tell them yourself. It's one of their requirements. They would like to hear it straight from the horse's mouth.

Mr. Vanderbilt: All right, first thing tomorrow morning I will tell them all face to face.

Joseph: (Standing up) First thing tomorrow morning then.

(Exit Joseph)

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Talking to himself) Why didn't they just tell me that is what they wanted?

(Enter Simon)

Simon: Did you settle it?

Mr. Vanderbilt: I hope so. Did you know all they wanted was a raise and a little respect?

Simon: Well, Mr. Vanderbilt, it was pretty obvious. You just needed to pay closer attention.

Mr. Vanderbilt: You knew?

Simon: No not entirely. But they deserved a raise anyhow and everyone deserves respect. Am I right?

Mr. Vanderbilt: (Sighs) You usually are.

(Exit Mr. Vanderbilt and Simon)

Scene 5: (Next morning on town streets near entrance of Vanderbilt Oil Company. Strikers are gathered around Joseph waiting for Mr. Vanderbilt.)

Randall: Are you sure he's coming? I mean positive?

Joseph: Vanderbilt told me he'd be here first thing this morning. And if his reputation holds strong, he's a man of his word. (Mumbling) Even if his word hasn't always been so kind.

Randall: Oh look! Here he comes! (Points)

(Strikers murmur and look in direction Randall points at. Enter Mr. Vanderbilt with Simon trailing behind.)

Mr. Vanderbilt: Good morning O' Kelley, everyone. I've come here today to talk to you about settling this misunderstanding of ours. It has recently been made clear to me that each of you would like to receive 20% raise. I have told Mr. O' Kelley that this can be arranged as long as this doesn't happen again. Also I will do my very best to accept and respect every one of you as I would any other person in the company, myself included. And I wish you'd do the same for me. Are there any questions?

Angry Worker: This is a sure thing right? We aren't getting swindled here are we?

Simon: Of course not sir! We are very anxious to get this matter settled as quickly as possible and perhaps see you all back at work on Monday.

Mr. Vanderbilt: That is the goal. Any other questions? (Looks around) No? Well then, this issue is finally put to rest.

Joseph: Not quite.

Mr. Vanderbilt: What is it Mr. O' Kelley?

Joseph: Are you going to continue to be a fair employer or will we have to start job searching?

Mr. Vanderbilt: Point well taken Joseph. Yes, I will continue being what you call a fair employer. You have made me see that you are the backbone of my company...excuse me...our company. And you will receive what you justly deserve. Now, good day Mr. O' Kelley, and good day to all of you. I hope to see you all at work on Monday!

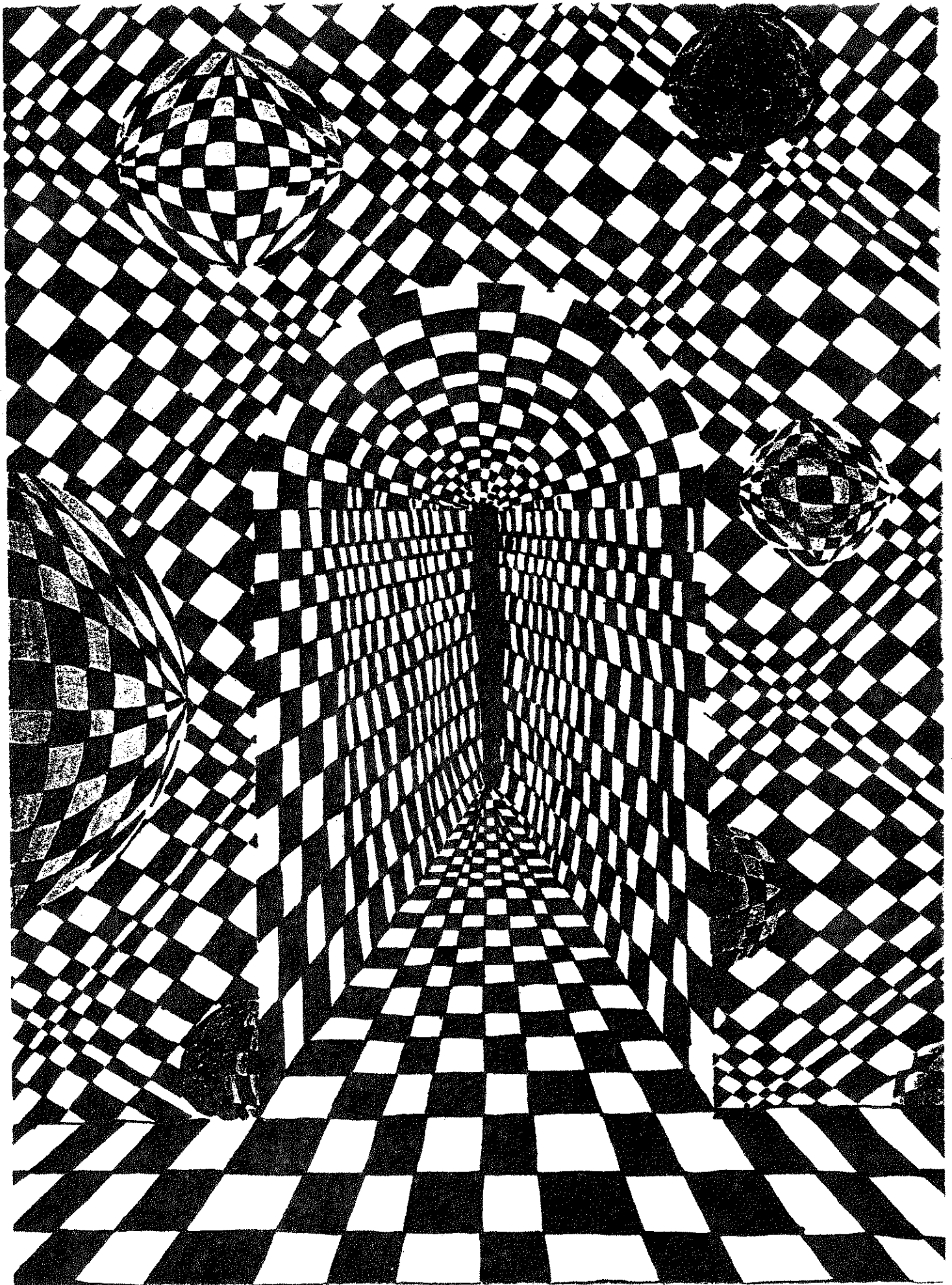
(Exit Mr. Vanderbilt and Simon)

Randall: Well, what do we do now?

Joseph: Let's just go home to our wives and children.

(Exit Randall, Joseph, and crowd)

THE END



Abby Wiese
10th grade

A Kingdom of Betrayal

By: Alex Ortiz and Jaimi Yost

Cast of Characters:

Kin Henry VIII	Elizabeth
(Henry/Anne's daughter)	Servant 1
Queen Catherine (Henry's first wife)	Servant 2
Anne Boleyn	Priest
Jane Seymour	Executioner
Rose (Anne's personal servant)	Narrator
Guard	Midwife

Prologue:

In a time when kings and queens ran the world, when injustices were ignored, there sat on the throne, King Henry the VIII, who, by his people, was abhorred? With the years of a faded marriage upon him Henry was taken in by the Long dark hair and coal black eyes of his mistress: Anne Boleyn. And so our story Begins in an English castle by the shore; Henry VIII presided in the ballroom; with the wife he wanted no more.

Act I Scene I

(The ballroom of the castle, Henry VIII and his wife, Catherine, are sitting on their thrones looking over the crowd of nobility.)

Catherine: Henry, you seem distracted tonight. Is there something on your mind at all?

Henry: (Staring off in the distance) No, nothing.

Catherine: Are you sure there is nothing you would like to share.

Henry: (Now facing Catherine) I said no! There is nothing wrong! Please quit your constant prying!

Catherine: All right! I'm sorry I even thought of asking! (Slight pause while changing the subject) Are you enjoying the ball?

Henry: (spots Anne Boleyn) Would you please excuse me, I see the Duke of... (pause)...ah...chutney. (Fake nod) I need to discuss with him the progress of our army. (Leaves without response from Catherine)

~Exit Henry ~

Catherine: (Talking to her self) Duke of Chutney, eh? I recall him being bedridden with a fateful illness...

(Ballroom Anne is standing in the corner next to a corridor, alone, guests talking and dancing to the side.)

~Enter Henry, Pulls Anne to empty corridor~

Henry:(whispers) My Lovely Anne, how art thou?

Anne: Oh Henry! I was worried you were never going to leave Catherine's side!

Henry: Yes, I fear she is like a leach, attaching herself to me without withdrawal.

Anne: I do not like her Henry, how long must I wait for this annulment?

Henry: Patience, Anne, and Patience. The Catholic Church will not grant me the annulment, but do not fret; I have devised a scheme.

Anne: What are you going to do, Henry?

Henry: I have already begun to establish a church of my own, the Church of my own, the Church of England. Then I will be able to declare my marriage with Catherine invalid and be rid of her for good.

Anne: Oh Henry, I hope so!

~Enter Servant I~

Servant I: Sire, her majesty is requesting your presence.

Henry: Oh brother, yes, yes, I will be right there (Exit Servant I) I bid you adu, Anne, for tonight (Henry embraces Anne)

~Exit Henry~

Scene III

Narrator: And so Henry's church was established the previous week and his marriage to Catherine was permanently laid to rest. Henry was now free from his burden.

(Henry's bedroom, He and Anne are discussing their plans)

Henry: I am filled with the excitement of one thousand war victories; the dreaded Catherine is gone!

Anne: As am I, my dear Henry. Your church is a magnificent wonder; everything has gone perfectly as planned.

Henry: (More intimately) Oh my lovely Anne will you marry me?

Anne: (Grabs Henry's arm) Yes, yes of course I will. I lovest thou so much.

Henry: Oh, I know you do, together we will produce a lovely heir and live out our wonderful life.

Anne: Henry, I have a small confession.

Henry: (Pulls away from Anne) What is it Anne?

Anne: I am already with child.

Henry: Is the child mine?

Anne: (Surprised) Of course it is Henry! What do you take me for, a common whore?

Henry: Oh course not Anne! Please forgive me!

Anne: (Laughingly) Oh Henry! I know you didn't mean that. (more seriously) I so look forward to growing old together.

(Henry just smiles and nods)

Scene III

Narrator: Anne and Henry were soon married and Anne is feeling the birth of her first child.

(Bedroom, Anne lay surrounded by maids while she screams in pain)

Anne: (Screaming) Ahhhh! The pain! I shall pass out! I fear I am dying!

Midwife: Breathe M'lady. You must breathe!

Anne: Help me dear Lord!

(Anne gives a final push and the maids grasp tightly to the small infant)

Midwife: Oh M'lady! 'Tis a healthy girl!

Anne: (Still in pain and exhausted) Bring her to me. (midwife hands her the baby. Anne looks lovingly at her daughter.) I shall name her Elizabeth, (Remembers Henry's words) Henry shall be furious that she is not a son.

~Enter Henry~

Henry: Hello Anne, how is my strapping young son?

Anne: (still in shock) Henry!

Henry: Let me see him. (Anne hands him Elizabeth) Ah...(see that the baby is a girl)
What?!

Anne: Henry! Calm down, please!

Henry: What is the meaning of this? This is not a son! (Forcefully hands the baby back to Anne. Storms out of the room)

~Exit Henry~

(Anne cries, clutching Elizabeth)

Scene IV

Narrator: Years later, Henry was more tolerant with his new daughter, but still wished for his heir.

(Anne in her bath, talking with her maid, Rose)

Anne: I just don't know what to do Rose

Rose: What is it M'lady?

Anne: (Worriedly) I am with child again and if I have another miscarriage or if it 'tis not a son, I fear it will be the end of me.

Rose: (Washing hair, distracted) Oh, sorry, M'lady. What was it you said?

Anne: (Annoyed) Oh forget it! Leave me be Rose.

~Exit Rose~

Anne: (Talking to self) What am I going to do...

Scene V

Narrator: King Henry's first wife, Catherine, has just passed away, and Anne couldn't be happier about this. She and Henry decide to attend the funeral out of respect.

(Catherine's funeral, Anne is talking with one of the duchesses)

Anne: (In mid-conversation) ...Oh yes, it is a lovely funeral... (sees Henry with another woman) What? Henry? (Storms away from the duchess) Henry?! (Henry stand up; the woman on his lap falls to the ground)

Henry: Anne! I..., It's not what it looks like...

Anne: (Interrupts) I cannot believe this...Oh, Owwww...Ahhh! (Clutches her swollen stomach)

Henry: What do you expect from me Anne? You've made me a lonely man, so I have turned to Jane, my new love.

Anne: (In pain) But Henry...

Henry: No Anne, You had your chance. I am tired of your frequent miscarriages, your continuous problems and your affairs!

Anne: Affairs? I've had no such things

Henry: Well, I will make it look as if you've had. I will say you have slept with five men, including your own brother.

Anne: (Crying) No Henry, please.

Henry: Lucky you are that I will not mention your signs of witchcraft.

Anne: Witchcraft?

Henry: Your extra finger? Your third rudimentary breast? (Anne passes out from the pain in her stomach) Servant!

~Enter servant II~

Henry: Get this filth off the floor!

Servant II: Yes your majesty.

Scene VI

Narrator: Anne was taken back to the castle where she had another miscarriage.

(Anne wakes up in her bed, exhausted, with Elizabeth at her side. Henry barges in)

Henry: Anne! (Pulls Anne off the bed by her hair, Elizabeth is startled) I have given the order for the guards to come and take you to the prison cell where you belong!
(Henry storms out)

~Exit Henry~

~Enter Guard~

(Elizabeth clings to her mother)

Elizabeth: Mother! What will happen to you? (Crying)

Anne: Don't worry dear, everything will be all right.

(Guards pull Elizabeth from Anne; Elizabeth cries. Anne is dragged out of the room)

~Exit guards with Anne~

(Elizabeth cries)

Scene VII

Narrator: The once faithful guards took Anne and threw her into the dungeon like a common criminal. She was left with only her thoughts to comfort her silent cries, but that soon faded when the pain from her harsh treatment over-powered and caused her to pass out.

(Castle dungeon. Anne lays unconscious in the dark; her clothes are torn. A rap at the cell door awakens her.)

~Enter guard~

Guard: Food! (Opens the cell door and slides a practically bare tray across the floor) (Sarcastically) Eat up your majesty, heh... (Spits at Anne, leaves, slams the door behind him)

Anne: (Crawls to the tray and eats hungrily, but stops suddenly to cry) Oh Henry! (Outloud to herself) Why have thou forsaken me? I loved thee and gave you lovely Elizabeth! (Cries into a pile of hay)

Scene VIII

(Castle parlor. Henry and his mistress, Jane Seymour, sitting and talking)

Jane: I love how you are rid of Anne. Now you are free to be with me.

Henry: No quite Jane. Anne is still alive, but with the Church of England on my side, this will no longer be true.

Jane: Henry, what is going to happen?

Henry: I rule the church. It does what I wish and I wished for them to condemn her. So midday tomorrow, by the blade of the guillotine, Anne will be no more.

Jane: That sounds most clever Henry. Please tell me your love for her is gone.

Henry: By far my lovely Jane. In fact, I believe it was never there. It was a dream turned nightmare that I was unable to wake from, until now. (Pauses and stares at Jane) Come with me. Let me escort you to my personal chambers. (Takes Jane's hand laughingly)

~Exit Henry and Jane~

Scene IX

Narrator: At dawn the next morning, Anne was called awake by the guard. A visitor was there to see her.

(Anne's cell. A Priest enters clutching his Bible)

Priest: (Sees how badly Anne was treated and runs to her) my poor child, may God give you strength. (Hugs Anne)

Anne: Thank-you Father.

Priest: I have come today bringing solemn news.

Anne: (Desperately) Tell me please, Father.

Priest: Anne...you are to be beheaded at noon this very day.

Anne: (Breaks down and cries) Oh God, grant my soul peace. Why has my life come to this?

Priest: Would you like your sins to be absolved?

Anne: (Whispers) Yes father, please.

Priest: (Places his hand on top of Anne's head) My child, tell me your sins...(trails off)

Scene X

Narrator: Anne slept fitfully until the soldiers came to get her. She left with them and gave no fight. Anne knew it was the end and no one would, or could, save her now.

(Town square. Town's people crowded around the guillotine screaming harsh comments at Anne.)

Guard: Come on then, let's go. (Drags Anne to the guillotine platform)

Crowd: We want her head! Down with that common-kissing wench! Chop off her head!
Boo! Boo!

Anne: (Talking to herself) This feels like a dream. If only it was. Damn Henry and this kingdom! (Pause) I shall not fear death! (Proudly marches to the executioner)

Executioner: Well. What have we here, eh? Shall I bow to you your majesty? (Fake bows)

(Anne spits in executioner's face)

Executioner: (Wipes off the spit) You are lucky you're dying now, wench, otherwise I'd finish you! (Pushes Anne to the guillotine)

Anne: (Lays her head below the blade) If only the world knew what really happened...

(Blade comes down and kills Anne)

Narrator: Anne's life ended here with one quick swipe of the blade, but Henry was not disturbed at all by the poor choices he made. Henry and Jane were soon married having not a care, but this did not last forever, of which Jane should have been aware. For Henry is not the kind of man who would tolerate flaws, with one quick swipe of the guillotine a life is over without just cause.

(Fade out)



Carolyn Schoon
10th grade



POETRY

A DAY IN PARADISE

**THE PUNGENT AROMAS OF OUTSIDE AIR
THE WHISTLING "WHOOSH" OF WIND THROUGH YOUR HAIR
CARVING AND PUMPING, DIGGING IN YOUR EDGE
JUMPING AND GRABBING, BUSTIN' A 360 OVER A LEDGE**

**GLIDING THROUGH THE SNOW LIKE A FISH IN WATER
CARING FOR NATURE AS IF SHE WERE AN ONLY DAUGHTER
RIDING THE LIFT WITH FRIENDS, REMINISCING THE LAST RUN
NOTICING CHAPPED FACES FROM THE WIND AND SUN**

**YOUR BODY ACHES FROM BRUISES AND BREAKS
THE PAIN MAKES YOU WONDER IF THE TRICKS TRIED WERE
ONLY MISTAKES**

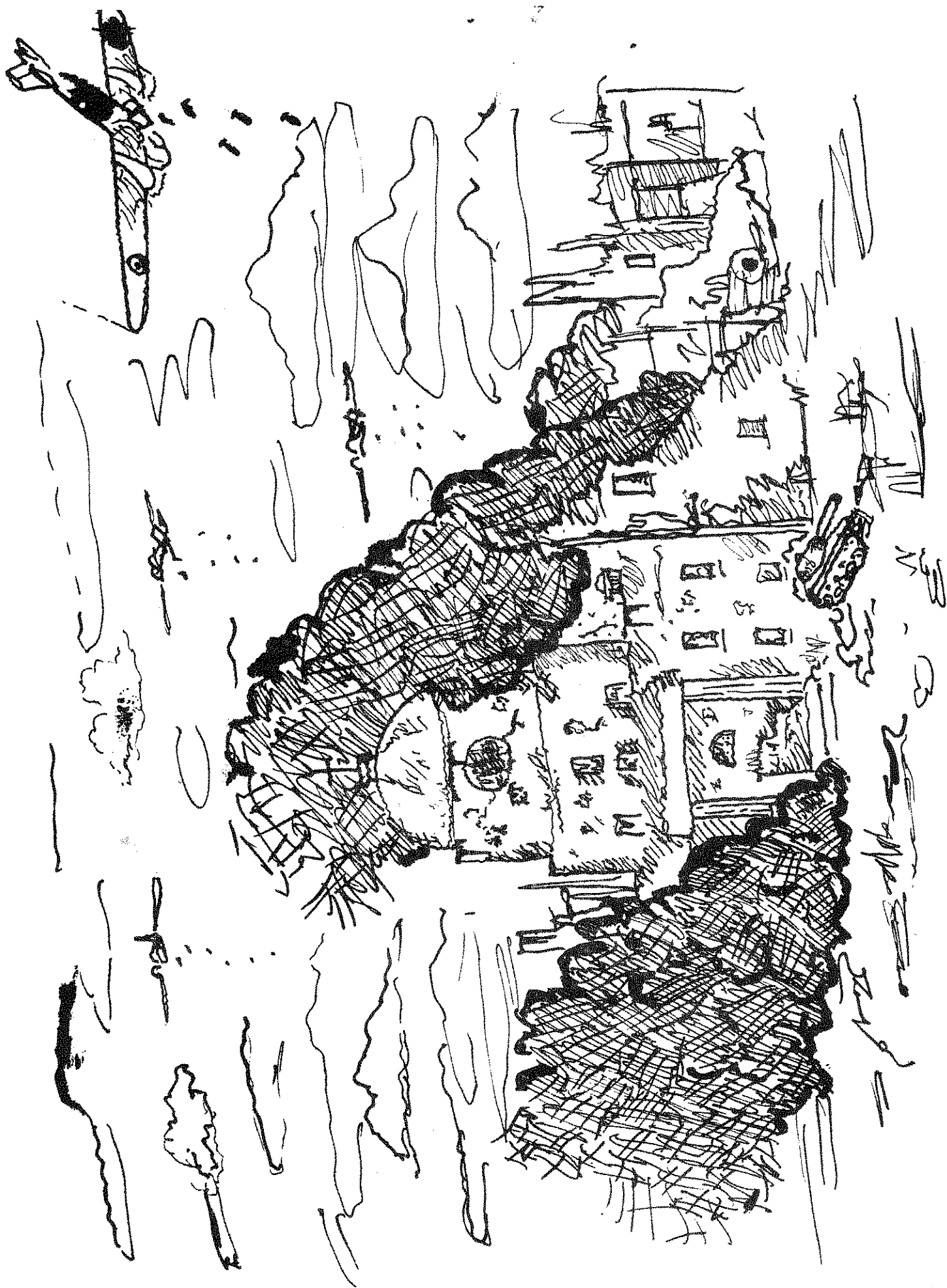
**ARRIVING AT HOME DARTING FOR YOUR BED TO LAY
THINKING AND WISHING YOU COULD DO THIS EVERYDAY.**

REESE SAUNDERS, SENIOR

1. Introduction
2. Methodology
3. Results
4. Discussion
5. Conclusion
6. References
7. Appendix
8. Glossary
9. Index
10. Bibliography



Eric Pohlmann
10th grade



Ryan Cunningham
9th grade

Time passes by,
Yet some do not see,
Happiness in children's eyes,
Although only pain it should be.

Little birds start to chirp and flowers bloom,
Still do not hear,
Off in the distance they only hear the cannons boom,
Spring is in the air, yet they still fear.

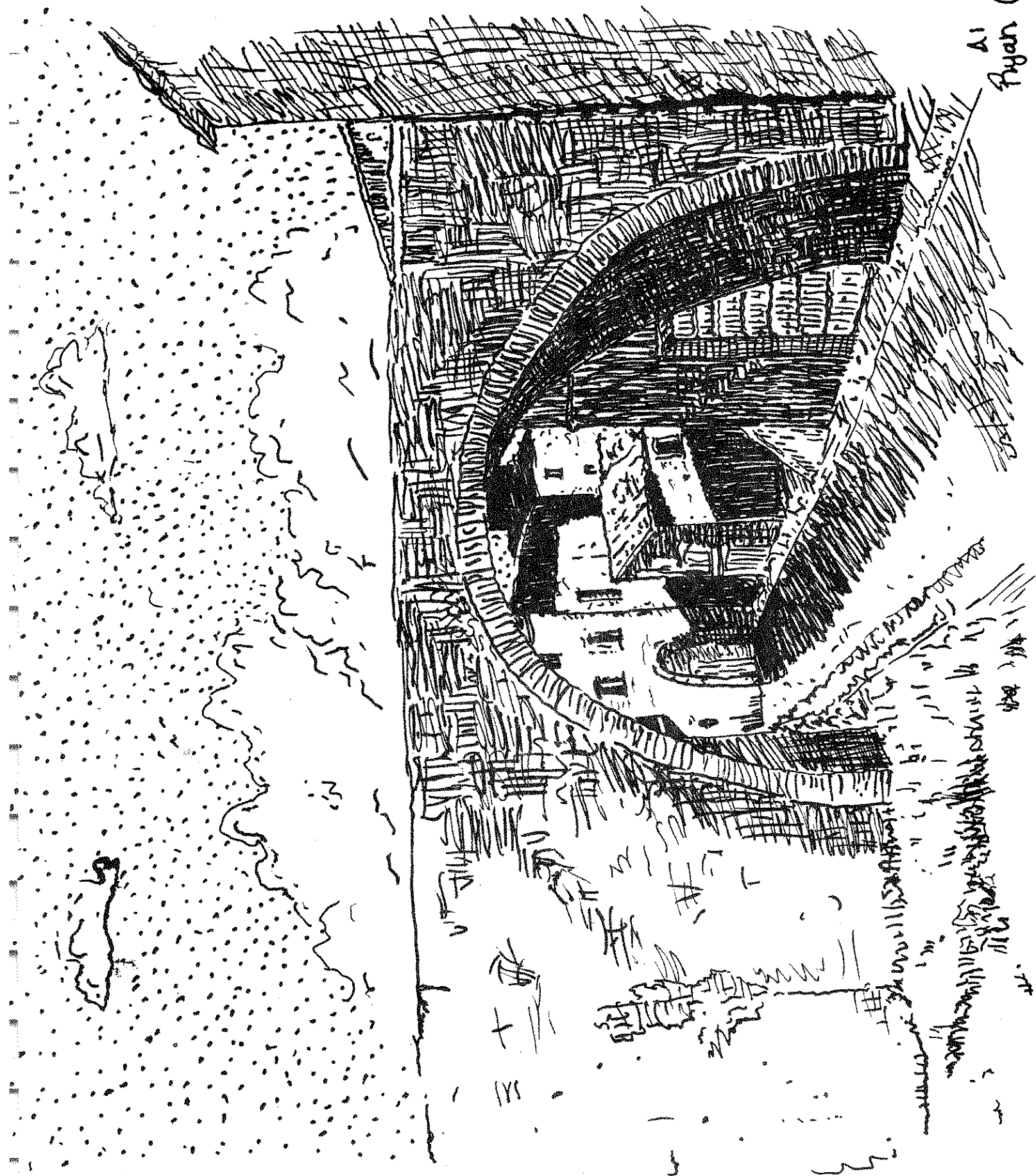
Heat of the summer is felt in the air,
But some do not feel,
Going outside and warming they don't dare,
Quarreling outside the door isn't something they appeal.

Harvesting and changing autumn is here one more,
Some don't see it as change; they see it as dying,
Which side they should be on, they are torn,
Stopping combat must have stop trying,

Beauty of winter, seasons of joy,
For them the season is cold and dead,
All those little children, don't know about the toys,
White is with red.

Abbie McVey, Junior

AI
Ryan C.



Ryan Cunningham
9th grade

FLOOD

OVERFLOWING POOLS

OF PIGMENT

BUT WONDERFUL NONETHELESS

WHEN I LOOK IT OPENS A GATE

AND DESTRUCTION BEGINS

SO HURRY AND LOOK AWAY

DAM THE WATER

FEELINGS OF THOUGHTS

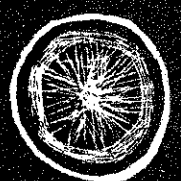
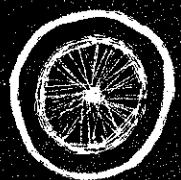
AWAY

THEN I LONG

FOR THE TORRENTIAL PAIN

TO CAPTURE ME AGAIN

VALERIE FARLEY, SENIOR



Scottie Braden
10th grade

Haikus

Winter

Icicles forming
Snowflakes falling to the ground
Winter Wonderland

Spring

Dew on the green grass
Birds chirping in the morning
Spring is in the air

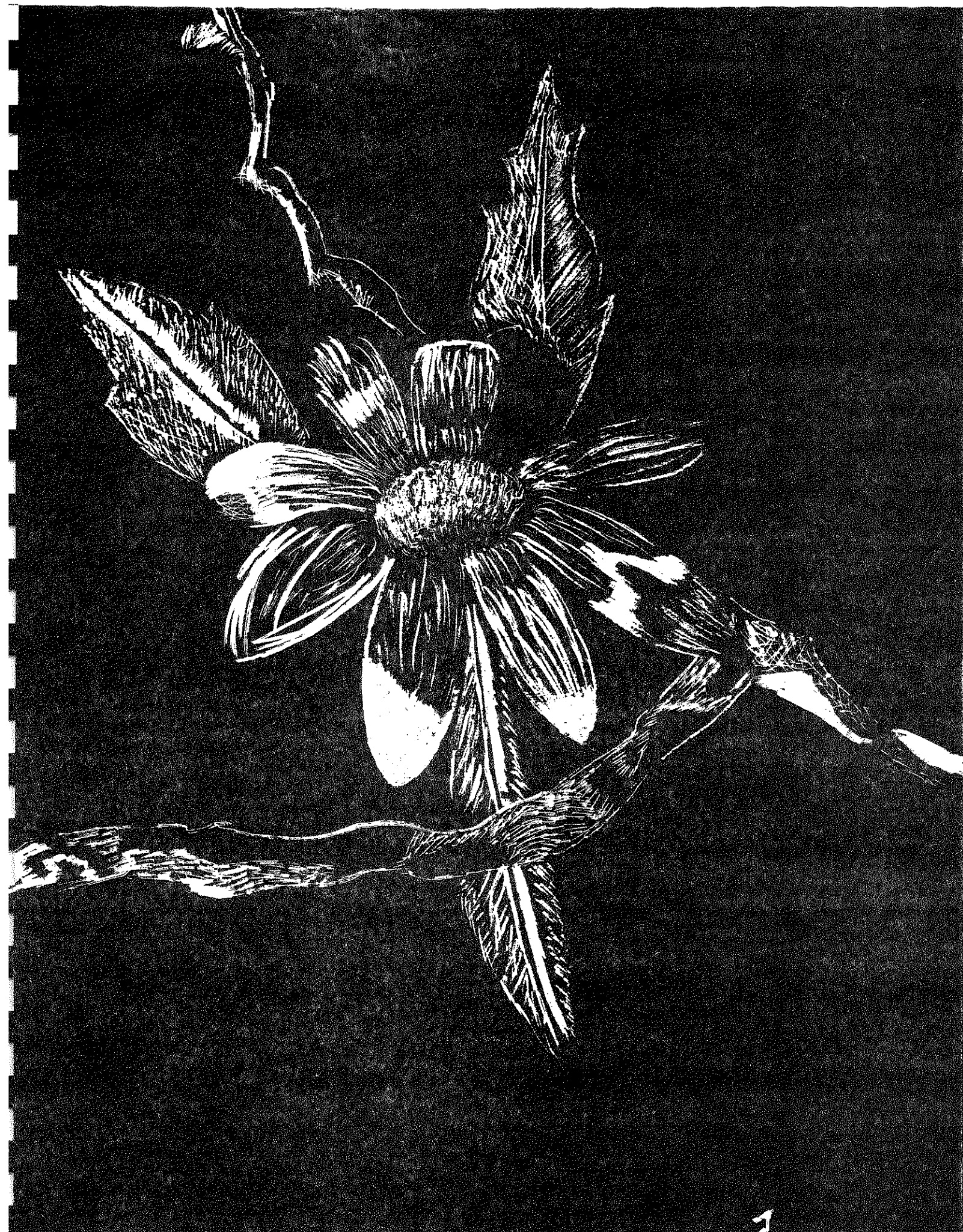
Summer

Sun warming our face
The humming of lawnmowers
The buzzing of bees

Fall

Green leaves turning brown
The wind whistling through the trees
The time will fall back

Amy Hoxie, Senior



Tara Tague 9th grade

Tara Tague 9th grade



Gretchen Gibson
11th grade

Happiness

*I try to recall and savor
every moment and miniscule
detail of the time
when you were mine
to make it seem real
relive again
bliss reborn
will I be happy then?
just the memories
are so hard to find
I can never remember everything- -why?
Please I wish I could
For then I would know again
how to be happy
Valerie Farley, Senior*



Molli Hermiston
9th Grade

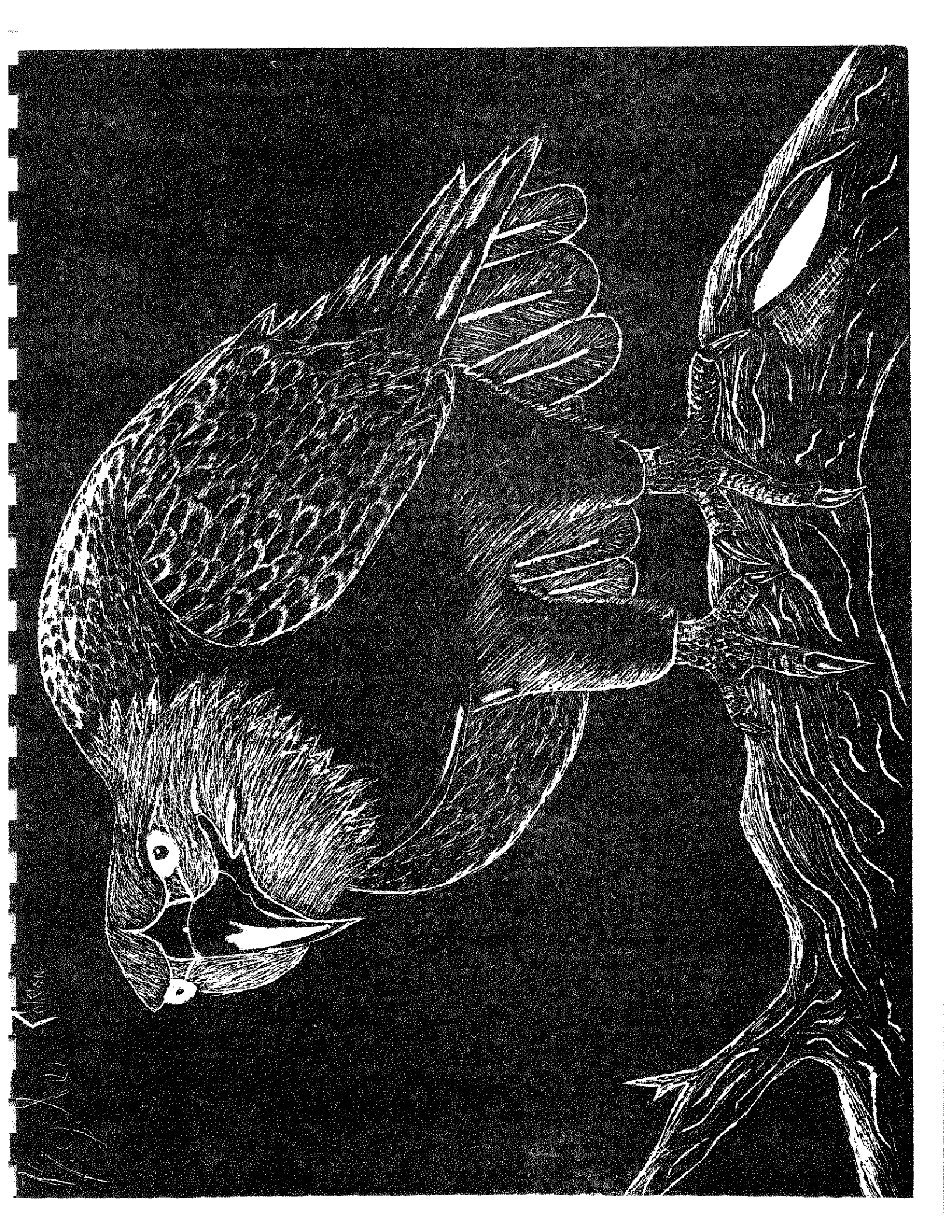
HAWK

HAWK IS VERY STRONG
THE HAWK FLYS HIGH IN THE
SKY.
HAWK WILL NEVER DIE.

RABBIT

THE RABBIT CAN JUMP.
HE COLLECTS NUTS IN THE
SPRING.
HE IS COTTONTAIL.

ANDY WALLACE, SENIOR



Kyle Colson
9th grade

Meeting Through Your Eyes

Slight apprehension but no need to worry
Yet still there's a wanting of kindness; acceptance

The meeting... say hi, exchange salutations
A comfortable feeling is formed in my mind

But I see something different deep in your eyes
Like what you are saying isn't all that is there

Our eyes make a contact and I get a feeling
Like I almost hear what must be your thoughts

And I get a feeling like something is missing
You tell a story... your eyes tell another

What are you suppressing? What can't you tell?
I don't want to pry but I'd like you to share

Eyes are expressive; doorways to emotion
And I feel that yours want to set your thoughts free

What am I saying? Of what do I speak?
Right now I don't know, have no way to find truths

All I can see is there's something inside you
I feel you are keeping and you want released

I think I may have found friendship today
Based on understanding, comfort and trust

It's so strange that I feel this connection so soon
Like there's something there I want to know

I don't want to frighten you speaking these thoughts
Don't mean to seem forward; I expect nothing from you

Friendship is my only motive, with need for honesty and trust
Talking and sharing and openness are me... now do I get to know you?

Jackie Wristen
Senior

Heaven's Light

I have spent hours and hours upon end
In front of an empty sheet of white
With a pen sitting in my twitching hand
So unsure of what to write

My one escape from reality
My attempt to explain the unknown
Was blocked by time and empty space
The light blocked out by a stone

My throat has ached from choking down
The tears that soak my face
My heart has ached and arms reached out
To fill the empty space

Through all my time of worry
Of holding onto my own sanity
Something has been growing deep within
That I feel not many others see

Through life sometimes seems unbearable
The days are growing harder
All the while my courage builds
And my heart is growing larger

I feel that I have begun to see
The beauty of this strange life
I have felt my spirit reaching out
To touch the unreached beam of light

The light my spirit has reached for
Has shone upon your beautiful face
Revealing to me a perfection
Through your amazing agility and grace

This light that has shone upon you
Has allowed me to finally see
That all of this time I have been searching
Your love has been right in front of me...

Darla Buswell, Senior



Ashley Knutson
10th grade

Just Another Day At The Fights

Hear the footsteps as the arena now fills,
I wonder who's blood will on this day spill.
The hustle and bustle to get a good seat,
As we wither and wilt in the sweltering heat.
Today we see fighters world renound
Ah yes, at last, the trumpets now sound.
Here they all come to stand in a line,
All thinking "Oh yes, the win will be mine."
With the crack of a whip the battle now starts,
Every man fighting straight from the heart.
The clash of the swords, the roar of the crowd,
It's so full of action and ever so loud.
Then out of the noise came a terrible shriek,
The cry of a fighter which signaled a defeat.
The masses grew silent, not one voice was heard,
As the poor dying fighter screamed out his last word.
"COWARDS!" He screamed as he drew his last breath,
Then he falls and he sighs and becomes one with death.

Keegan Lee
Sophomore



Emily Darland
10th grade

Love vs. Hate

*In a world of war and hate,
There is a world of peace and love.
And even though things are not always handed to you on a
silver plate,
You can find calm in the skies above.*

*For every bad, there is twice as much good.
As you stand there, making a list of all the bad,
I can double my list of everything good.
For a list of bad is sorrowful and sad.*

*So concentrate on peace and love,
Not on war and hate.
For all the joys from heaven above
Should be enjoyed before it becomes too late.*

*Jeni Wilford
Junior*



Rachelle Hansell 9th grade

The Curious Passer-by Sestina

By: Jaime Yost, Junior

A bottle on the ocean,
Tossed and turned by a wave.
The dark turned to light,
And the sun dawned across the bottle's eye.
A message waiting inside
For a curious passer-by.

I was taking a walk by
Myself along the shore of the ocean;
Today wasn't a time to be inside.
So I had left the cabin to watch the wave
Crash against the rocks and I
Felt my heart get light.

The sun's rays shown it's light
Directly upon the bottle by
The rocks which had caught my young eye.
Selfishly attached, the ocean
Tried to keep the bottle within its wave,
And so I went to retrieve it from the oceans' inside.

I began to suffocate inside
My chest, turning my head light;
The impact from each wave
Wished me good-bye
As I battled with the ocean.
Blackness was covering each eye.

The world would continue on without I.
Sorry dear Mother still waiting inside;
I just wanted to see the ocean
One last time in the light,
Just to say bye
And to swim in its blue wave.

Sinking slowly with each wave,
The spirit that was once in my eye;
Had been swallowed up by
The oceans' inside.
My body became light,
And floated to the top of the ocean.

It was supposed to be a simple trip to the ocean, to visit in its wave.
My body was frail and light and still had youth within the eye.
Why did I leave the safe inside, why was I the curious passer-by?

SMILE

Smile they tell me.
But what is there to smile about?
The world is almost gone.
The people are no longer kind.
How can I endorse a gesture that is fake?
Smile, who the hell do you think I am?
A nice guy, a normal person?
Can I have a say in who I am.
I want to be myself.
Do what I want for a change.
With no fear of the masses.
I look back at the event now,
And think.
Did they tell him to smile?
Did they look at him and see normal.
The clock ticks twice,
And the gun goes off.
He sees nothing now.
He is dead, no longer a nice guy,
No longer alive, dead, dead, dead.
Can he smile now?
Will I smile tomorrow.

Tate Carter, Senior
Section E 10/7/99

Unknown Love

You're the one for me,
You're my perfect match.
I know you're out there somewhere
You're just so hard to catch

Maybe you know me,
Or maybe we've never met.
Maybe fate
Hasn't brought us together yet.

We have so much love for each other,
It's buried so deep in our hearts.
We're so close to each other,
But yet so far apart.

I miss you so much,
You're my missing piece, my second half.
But I know I will find you
Somewhere down this road, this path.

Someday I'll find you,
I'll be complete.
Somewhere, somehow,
We're bound to meet.

Now it's just a matter of time
Before we'll believe,
We've loved each other
Since the very day we were conceived.

Wherever you are,
Who ever you may be,
I will always love you,
And you will always love me.

~Lindsey E. Dreuter, Freshmen



Lisa Clark

10th grade

Turkey

By Devin D. Peterson, Junior

**There once was a turkey named Stan,
He was as big as a 400 pound man.**

**He was walking to school one day,
And ran into a big pile of hay.**

**Then at his first day of school,
He thought it was very cool.**

**Then when school was done,
He and his friends had some fun.**

**Then Stan went home,
And talked on the phone.**

**Then he went to sleep,
And woke up without any feet.**

Where To Go

Where I am I do not know
I want to know where to go
Should I go left, right, east, or west
As the wind blows to and fro

My problem here is quite the test
I know my dog will choose the best
His nose will lead us back to camp
And we must really get some rest

So we move on and start to tramp
As the rain falls and we get damp
We hear the sounds of nature's call
And then I see a bright-lit lamp

While Charlie, my dog, comes so small
We see the lamp is just a ball
And we must still have miles to crawl
And we must still have miles to crawl

Kris Kuhlman, Senior



Nick
Kee

Nick Reed 9th grade

HOMELESS BOY Sestina

**IT WAS VERY COLD OUTSIDE-THE GROUND WAS FREEZING
OVER THERE,
SAT A LITTLE BOY
WHO WASN'T MERELY HAPPY.
HE DIDN'T HAVE A HOME,
NEVER EVEN HAD ONE.**

**HE WISHES EVERYDAY HE HAD ONE,
AS HE SITS OUTSIDE FREEZING.
HE SEES A BLUE HOME,
WAY OVER THERE.
THE PEOPLE IN THIS HOUSE ARE HAPPY.
WHY DON'T THEY TAKE IN THIS BOY?**

**TEARS GO DOWN THE CHEEKS OF THIS BOY.
IF ONLY HE HAD WON
THE HEARTS OF THESE PEOPLE HE WOULD ME HAPPY.
HIS BODY IS NOW FREEZING,
AS HE STARES OVER THERE
AT THAT VERY HOME.**

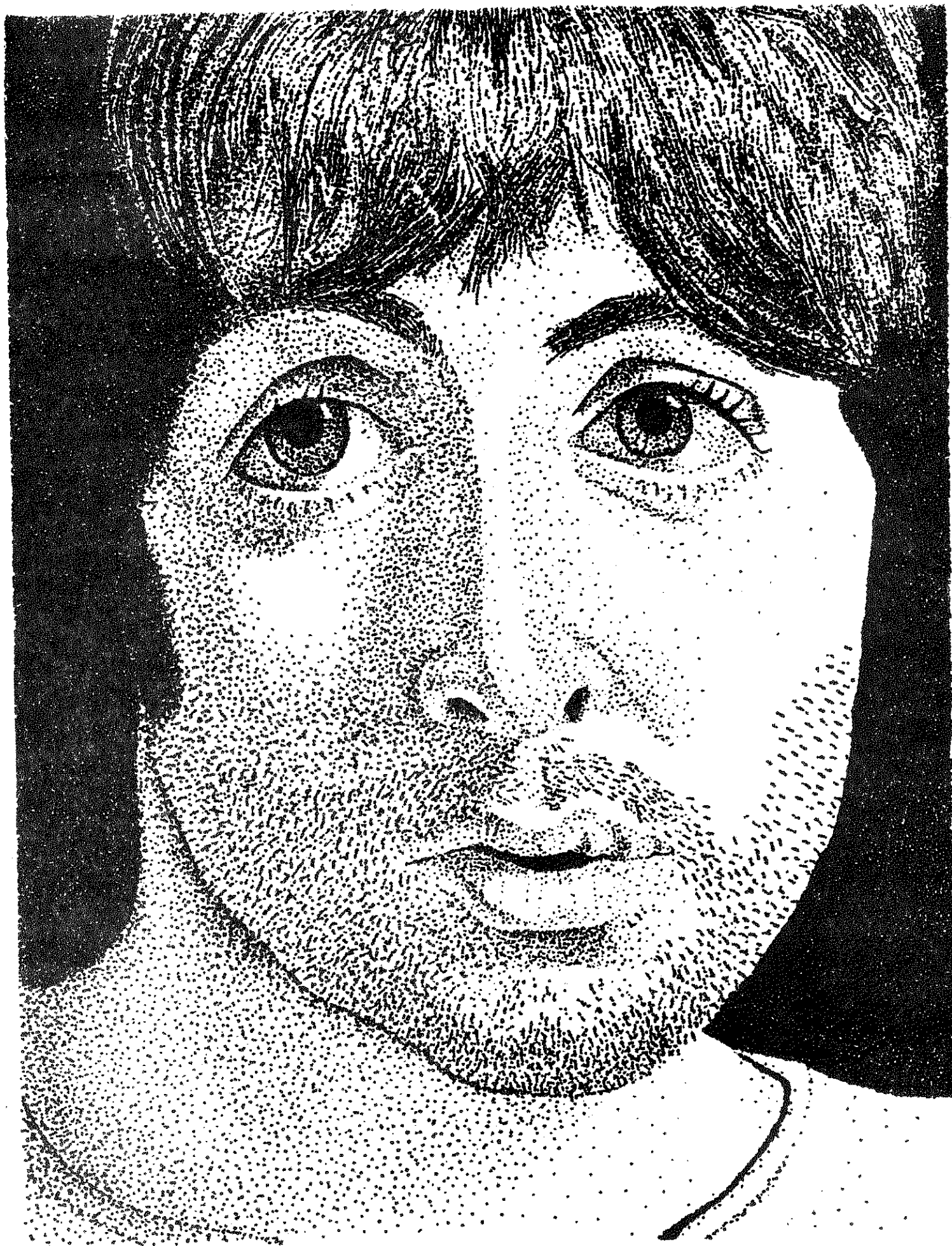
**THE BLUE HOME,
WHERE THIS BOY
COULD HAVE BEEN LOVED, NOT TO FAR OVER THERE.
DIDN'T THEY WANT A CHILD, AT LEAST ONE?
NO, BECAUSE THEIR HEARTS ARE FREEZING,
THIS BOY WOULD HAVE MADE THESE PEOPLE SO HAPPY.**

**DID THESE PEOPLE NOT WANT TO BE HAPPY
IN THAT VERY HOME?
EVEN THOUGH THESE PEOPLE ARE MORE THAN COLD, THEY ARE FREEZING,
COULDN'T THEY AT LEAST HAVE TAKEN IN THIS BOY?
HOW HARD IS IT TO TAKE CARE OF A CHILD, IT'S ONLY ONE,
FOR NOW THE BOY SITS AND WAITS THERE.**

**HE THOUGHT HEARTS COULD CHANGE, THERE
ARE MIRACLES THAT MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY.
IF THIS WERE TRUE THEN HE WOULD HAVE WON
THAT BLUE HOME.
BUT, FOR NOW THIS BOY
WILL JUST SIT HERE FREEZING.**

**HE IS FREEZING TO DEATH, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEIR EYES.
IF ONLY THESE PEOPLE COULD HAVE SAVED THIS BOY.
ALL HE NEEDED WAS ONE PLACE TO CALL HOME.**

AMANDA JEDDELOH, JUNIOR



Amber Jansen
10th grade

My Friend

By: Jackie Wristen, Senior

Once in a lifetime
You find someone great.
They're true, sweet and gentle,
First class and first rate.

They are who they are
And they don't pretend.
Then soon you can see
They've become your best friend.

It could have been magic,
It could have been chance,
It could have been destiny
Just at first glance.

It could have been these;
Could've picked any one
To determine the reasons
That they'd be the one.

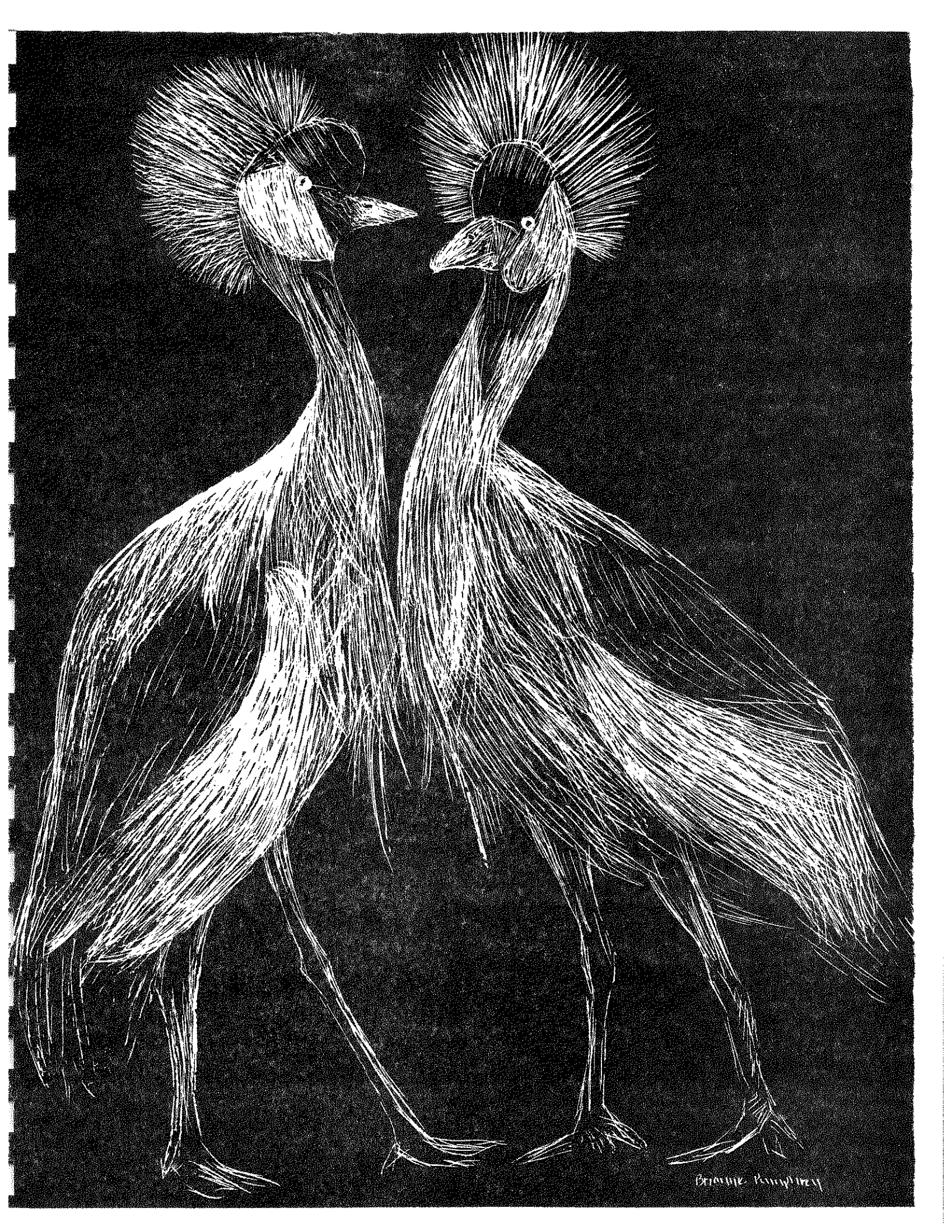
But I like to think
It goes deeper than those.
Our lives have been bonded
And friendship just grows.

Sometimes the feeling's
Not evenly spread,
But as long as both feel it
It'll NEVER be dead.

Friendship is something
That neither forgets
And as time moves on
The stronger it gets.

I know that *my* friend
Is so special to me.
They've helped me a lot;
I hope they can see.

So friend, I do love you.
And let it be known
I'm here for you always;
You're never alone.



Bronze Sculpture

Brianne Pumphrey 9th
grade

WAKING UP

**No school I hope,
I want to stay at home and mope.
Laying in bed and sleeping,
But my alarm is still beeping.**

**Six fifteen the red numbers show,
Time to get up if there is no new show.
I turn on the TV,
And hope to stay in my nice warm bed for
eternity.**

**School after school crosses the screen,
Mine, however is nowhere to be seen.
I have to get up to get ready,
For another day, long and tediously steady.**

**I sit up in bed and put my feet on the floor,
It's cold and I curl up in bed to sleep some
more.
Maybe I'll get up after five minutes of sleep,
Wait! There's my school! Across the screen
it creeps.**

By: Erin Rochau, Junior

Kickball

By Braden Yauk, Senior

Kickball is a great game

It is a game of wits and ability

If you lose it is a shame

It helps you have great agility

If you get a kick to win the game

You may savor it for only a day

For that day you will have tons of fame

**Tomorrow the other team will try to make
you pay**

This is a game for every person big and small

A good player must be clever

Although you may not win them all

Kickball, is the best game ever.

Just Let Me Know

Alissa Anne Gilkison, Senior

why did you do
this to me again?
you told me you were sorry
the first time and then...

we talked on the phone
all night, we were fine.
the very next day
not a look when you passed by.

i don't understand
what is it I've done?
it's been through my head
what went wrong, there is none

but I wanted to tell you
i'm not mad at all.
sometimes thinking of you
makes me bawl.

we need to talk
about things that went on.
i just need to know,
if it takes until dawn.

i get so nervous
when you walk past
my hands start to shake
my heart pounds so fast.

i miss talking to you
and the sound of your voice.
i hope that ignoring me
is not your life choice.

so please can we talk
i need to know soon
the answers are close by
under the moon.

you're a very special person
in my life.
don't hurt me anymore,
it feels like a knife.

i miss you, I need you,
i want you back.
my days without you
are lonely, in fact.

i need to know
what's going on.
if I'm not wanted around,
then I'll be gone.

just tell me the truth,
please don't lie.
i really hope this
isn't forever a good-bye.

Injustice of the Heart

*Have we no feeling for our own kind,
We destroy each other and don't seem to mind.*

*We gossip and threaten to make innocence feel pain.
You make people cry but you feel no shame.*

*Our tongues lash out and kill each other inside.
Then you mocked me and laughed at me when I cried.*

*Everyday you put me down,
But you don't see the tears fall to the ground.*

*None of us know the power of our words.
We live to make our vicious hatred heard.*

*You drown me in fear of loneliness and rejection,
For the world is cold, it shows no affection.*

*That's not the way it's supposed to be,
We need to dance and sing and be free.*

*But you discourage my happiness deep in my soul,
In a selfish attempt to make your own whole.*

*We delight in anything that makes us popular,
Even if it means hurting one another.*

*There really must be a better way,
Than to stomp on my heart and make me afraid.*

*But now I realize what we are,
Of hatred and jealousy our race is scarred.*

*We don't care; we'll rip you apart
It's the way we live; it's injustice of the heart.*

~Lindsey E. Dreter, Freshmen

I CAN SEE YOU IN THE LIGHT

BY KELLY MCCABE, SENIOR

I CAN SEE YOU IN THE LIGHT

I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE IN THE DARK

I SMILE EVERYTIME I SEE YOUR FACE

I LOVE THE TIME WE SPEND TOGETHER

I ALWAYS WISH THAT IT COULD BE FOREVER

I MISS YOU WHEN YOU ARE GONE AND EVEN WHEN YOU WALK INTO

ANOTHER ROOM

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOPU THIS BUT I THINK I AM FALLING IN LOVE

WITH YOU

I HAVE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE AND TOLD MYSELF NO, BUT I

COULDN'T FIGHT IT

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU AND DON'T WANT TO SCARE YOU AWAY

I THINK THAT IS TO EARLY IN THE RELATIONSHIP TO HAVE THIS DEEP OF A

FEELING ABOUT SOMEONE BUT MAYBE THIS IS HOW LOVE FEELS

I NEVER TELL YOU THIS BUT YOU ARE VERY SPECIAL TO ME

I NEVER TELL YOU THIS BUT YOU ARE VERY SPECIAL TO ME

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO ME AND EVEN MORE

I CANT TALK TO YOU FOR HOURS AND NEVER GET BORED

I CANT STARE AT YOUR FACE AND STILL NOT UNDERSTAND

I LOVE HOW YOU ALWAYS SURPRISE ME AND ARE NEVER BORING

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT THE BEST THING FOR ME AND I WISH IT WASN'T

TO LATE TO TURN BACK

I KNOW I KNOW THAT EVERYONE SAYS THAT WE WILL NEVER MAKE IT BUT I

THINK WE COULD

I WOULD DROP EVERYTHING FOR YOU AND I HOPE THAT YOU KNOW THAT
I HOPE ITS FOREVER AND WE WILL NEVER PART
I HOPE YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WITH ME AND NOT JUST IN MY HEART
I PICKED ONE PERSON TO BE WITH FOREVER AND THERE WAS NO QUESTION
I KNOW THAT THERER IS A CHANCE THAT SOMEDAY YOU MIGHT NOT BE
THERE FOR ME AND IT SCARES ME TO DEATH
WHY HAVENT YOU CALLED?
HAVING FAITH THE IS THE HARDEST THING TO DO WHEN YOU ARE NOT
POSITIVE ABOUT WHATS GOING ON
WHAT DID YOU DO THAT NIGHT THAT WAS SO IMPORTANT YOU COULD NOT
PICK ME UP A PHONE
WHY DO WE HURT EACH OTHER ON PURPOSE?
WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP BEFORE I WENT OUT THE DOORS?
WHY WAS IT SO HARD FOR YOU TO SHOW AFFECTION?
YOU COULD HAVE CHANGED THE FUTURE FOR A SECOND AND DIDN'T
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE SORRY?
DO YOU NOT FEEL THE SAME WAY THAT I DO
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TO GOOD TO BE TRUE AND YOU PROVED ME WRONG
I WOULD GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE IF YOU WANTED ONE
I DON'T KNOW THAT WHAT TO DO, PLEASE TELL ME
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY QUESTIONS AND NO ANSWERS?
WILL THERE EVER BE ANY?

POETRY NOT MY STYLE

By Eric Pehler, Junior

Why do I have to write this poem?

I would rather travel to Ancient Rome.

Or travel to Britain and see her old stones

And listen to Pagan read ancient tones.

I would rather over stream and rock

Or listen to the music of Bach

Or see soldiers fight

To see their glory at the very height

For the battlefield will rage

But courage will not be caged

Where the wind was still

And the blood wasted upon the hill

A very terrible sight

To see the men fight

In a happier year and day

I will much like to pay

To watch men and women in love

Well I watch from above

To forget the strife

And have glories life

If I did not have to write poetry

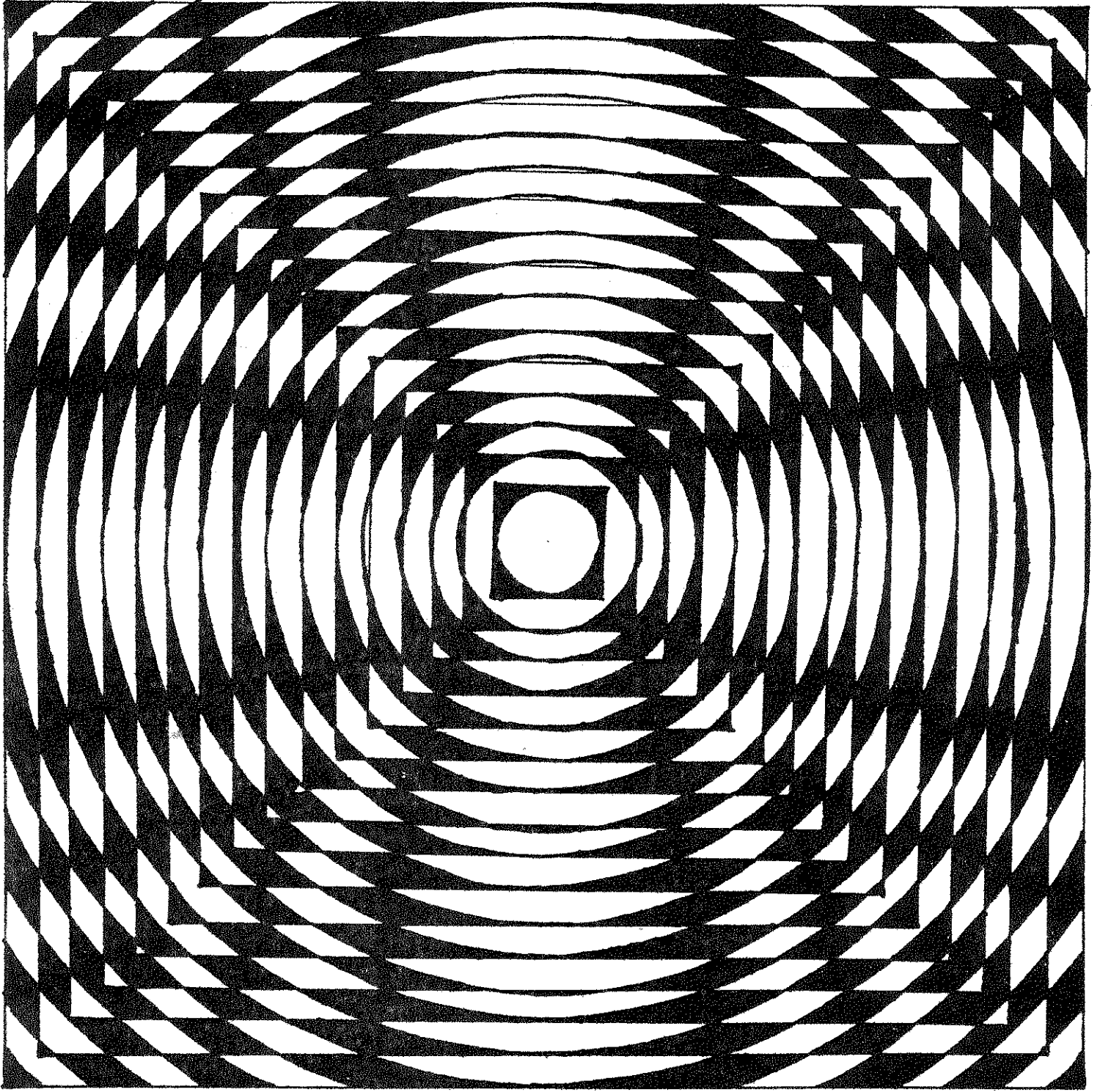


Geni Wilford 11th grade

Winter Wonderland Sestina

By: Hannah Stebens, Junior

I walk out into the snow.
Surprised by a drift.
I try and remember when the pale rain was soft
To me. Hypnotized by the extreme color of white.
I walk slowly, the hypnosis getting deep.
As I walk the layers become deeper.
I frown at the great waves of snow.
Still amazed by the whiteness.
Unamused I fall into a drift.
I burrow deep into it and sigh softly.
As I lie there, I begin to feel the bone chilling cold.
Not able to ear the coldness
Which had lead me so deep.
It didn't matter if it was soft
Anymore, I wanted to leave the snowy
Mound. I made my way out of the drift.
I shook of the powder still so white.
I gazed over and saw a Maple tree its bare branches dusted in white.
Children played around it not minding the cold.
I smiled as a small child jumped into a drift.
The child was so small that the pile of powder, to him anyways, was
Deep.
He screamed with delight crawling through the snow.
The white perception falling around him softly.
I reached out and touched his soft
Cheek. He smiled, held up a snowball and said, "it's white"
I picked him up as he informed me "it's snow"
I smiled as I set him down in the deep
Powder. He ran off to show his friends the drift.
Without thinking I followed him through the drift.
He giggled and fell into the snow softly.
He looked back at me and whispered "It's deep"
"Do you eve wonder why it's so white?"
"And cold?"
He continued. We made a game of the snow.
He looked at me "I'll race you through the snow! To that other drift!"
He yelled "Go" and we took off through the cold powder as it fell around
Us softly. When we finally reached the white hill we both fell in deep.



Chelsea Newmeister
Sophomore

A Face In The Mirror

By: Sarah Pacha, Senior

There's a face in the mirror

One I hardly recognize

There's a fire burning low

Behind those tired eyes

Do you believe that love can heal a broken heart

Or faith can move a mountain

Until it melts into a sea

Time moves in shadow

A clock with missing hands

And your silence means more to me than words ever can

Is heaven waiting on the other side

Or do we find it by looking inside

There's just one thing I ask of you just before you leave

That you stand by me

With THE POWER TO BELIEVE.



Christina Harrington
10th grade

Then There Was You

In years past
People have caused such pain
Friends turn to foe

Deception ran high
Enemies spun webs that seems so real
Acting as though they care

More deception, will it end?
Tears and nerves on edge
Walls all around

But then you were there
Opening my eyes
Helping me see the way

You have been there
Through it all
In good times and in bad

I'm learning slowly
How to stand on my two feet
Strength I have found along with you

You mean the world to me
Where would I be
If not for you?

I'm so happy now
Everything is working
Things are so right

Amanda Asmussen, Junior

Manipulation

You are a manipulator
You
The one I call friend
Wrapped up in a tiny world
You call it
"Me"
Subtitle
"My Life"
By:
Me
Obvious in your ways
To manifest
All your glory
Bury it deep
Into your conscience
So unhappy
With a life
That most would be
Ecstatic
To have
For their own
Eyes
Of jealousy
Burn into backs
Words
Leave your stained mouth
Like
Fists
Against glass
Shattering
Beautiful lives
Brightening tears
And
Blackening smiles
Turning those
You are
Trying
To impress
The ones you call "friends"
Away from you,
From a world
Of pure
Greed
And
Hypocrisy...

Darla Buswell - Senior

yeu

By: Laura Meyer, Junior

I long to see my special friend
To show him things I've done.
The writing that I do for him
To me is so much fun.

The appreciation that I feel from him
Is very special to me.
He knows I write from within my heart
My soul it is free.

My writing often speaks of love
Sometimes friendship, too.
Whenever I am with my friend
He chases away the blues.

The time I get to spend with him,
The quiet talks we share,
He made an impact on my life
He showed me that he cares.

This guy is a special friend
I'm positive he knows.
He knows the feelings I have in my heart
He's read them in my prose.

I know that we will never love
But that's OK, you see.
I am at my happiest
When he shares his time with me.



David McCoy
11th grade

The Spirit

Like a ghost freed from its slumber
An restful ungrateful,
Awaking to the world in ways never known.
Death comes too quick and life moves too slow.
Open the gates and sing the praise.
A quick thought and then blackness.
See bright new light
See darkened corner
Lightening and thunder break the night's song.
The raindrops begin to form and fall
A brief second of life and then.....not
The clock chimes 3 and the men file out of
Their artificial heaven.
The call girl still calls
And the choirboy still sings
A separate culture invades their world.
Both sleeping in their homes awake.
The ghost appears again and began his nightly
Waltz and the music plays.
All three connected, all three dead in some
Way.
The ghost exorcized, the choirboy kills the call
Girl, one soul lost, another exchanged,
A new spirit awakes and begins again.

Tate Carter, Senior
Section E 10/7/99



Josh Lane
10th grade

Teenage Mother Sestina

By Melissa Potter, Junior

I thought everything was going to be great in life,
I was my boyfriend's only baby.
When we looked into each other's eyes,
Each saw the others dream's.
We seldom had problems; he had no reason for the bottle.
We talked to each other about our problems; that was the only way.

When I got pregnant I saw the world and myself in a new way,
We would soon create a new life.
I would feed this child her bottle,
And she would be my baby.
The life I once had without her would only haunt my dreams.
Soon I would be able to look into her eyes.

What color would I find inside her eyes?
I often wonder what she would weigh.
I had images of her in my dreams.
My strength would soon bring her life.
Inside me I felt her, my baby.
But he didn't know how to cope with the pregnancy; he found comfort in
the bottle.

As soon as he turned to the bottle,
I was hurt, and when we broke up, I found tears in my eyes.
For was I no longer his baby.
His confusion had led him to drinking; he saw it as the only way.
He thought he had lost his life.
He was only happy in his dreams.

I saw all of us a family, but only in my dreams.

I knew drinking only made the pain worse; I refused the bottle.
My unborn child was all I needed in life.
When I was in school I closed my eyes.
To survive the torture of those stares and rumors it was the only way.
For if I had let some of my peers get to me there would've been no baby.

Since she has been born, I call her baby.
And now I see our future in my dreams.
She is the best of him and I, so when society talks about my wrongdoing
I took away.
When she is hungry I feed her a bottle,
And as I gaze into her beautiful little eyes,
I realize that him and I created a perfect life.

Her and I are now a package in life, he didn't leave the bottle; we are not
his baby.
When people look into my eyes, they will see what I used to see in my
dreams
And since he didn't leave the bottle, her and I are living life in some other
way.

Just one more cry before I lye my tired eyes to sleep,
But as the tears come streaming down I just want to scream.
Dreams seem shattered, hopes misplaced and thoughts beyond belief,
Afraid to shut my hopeless eyes and hold what's dear to me?
So afraid that when I rise, the sky melts in the ground,
And starts no longer linger to the voice of precious sounds.

Ashley Mitchell
Sophomore

New Years Eve Wasn't a Night to Remember

Free Verse
Katie Hill, Junior

New Years Eve wasn't a night to remember,
All the drunken fools,
Hanging all over women like clothes on hangers.
And laughing about anything,
That amuses them the tinniest bit.

New Years Eve wasn't a night to remember,
Going to parties wondering...
Is this going to get busted?
Then leaving.

New Years Eve wasn't a night to remember,
Driving many miles,
On gravel roads,
That were packed with snow and covered with ice,
Just to get to another non-happening party.

New Years Eve wasn't a night to remember,
Dropping a boy off at his home,
Two minutes after the ball dropped.
Then going home to sleeping parents,
Being them boring selves
Then going to bed.

New Years Eve wasn't a night to remember,
Finding no one had exciting stories to tell,
About being busted.
And finding people telling stories about how exciting
It was having sex with a guy,
In the same room as their passed out friends,
And not getting caught and
How they lived on the edge,
Committing adultery.

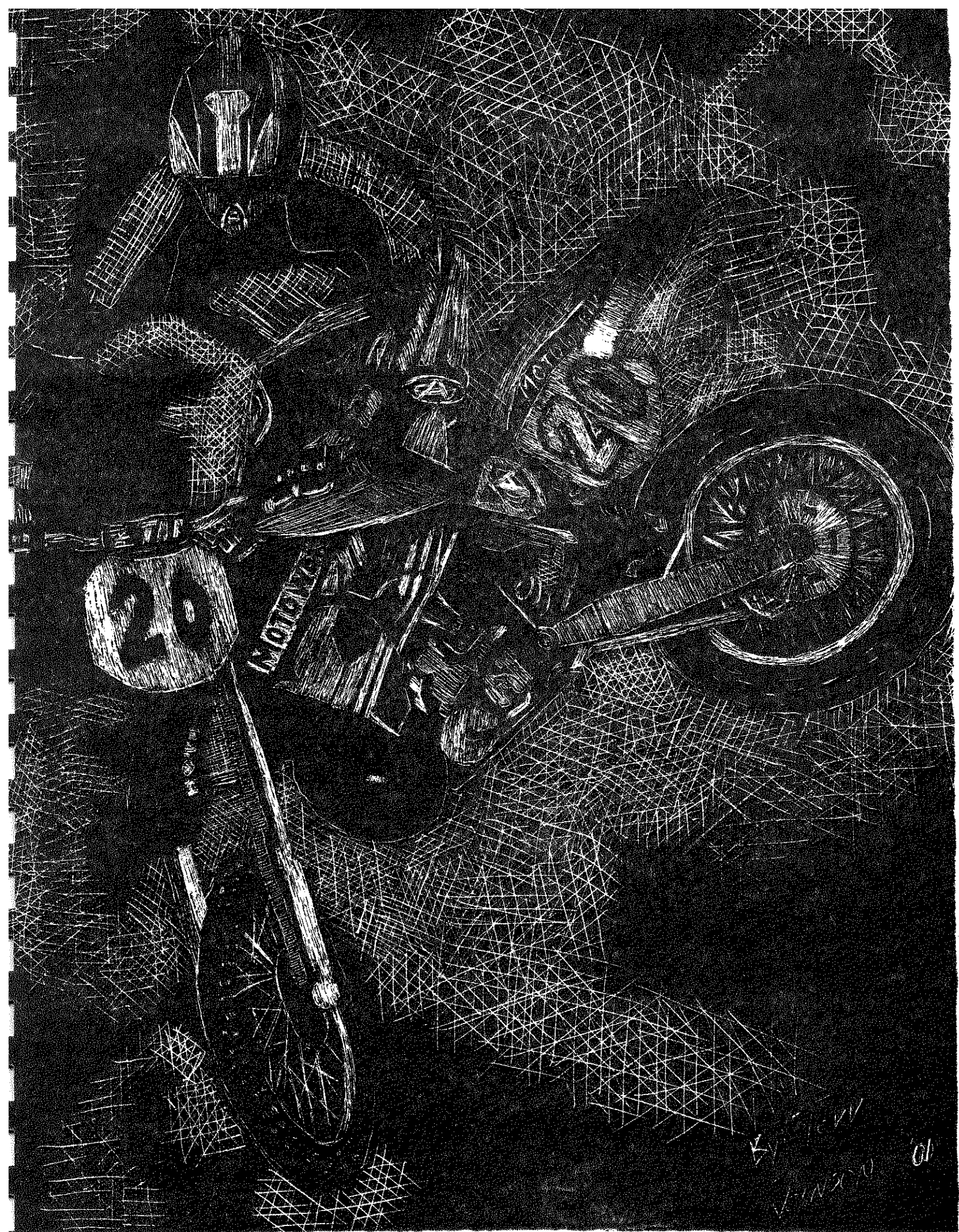
MY WORLD

By: Jackie Wristen, Senior

My goodness gracious!
What have we got here?
A pencil and paper?
I hold these so dear.
Just think what could happen
On this blank, white sheet...
A battle, a murder,
Two lovers may meet,
A horror, a drama,
A musical play,
A comedy, romance
What else can I say?
This paper brings thoughts
And my thoughts turn to words.
I write what I want,
Though weird and absurd.
That's the great thing
About writing you know.
No one can say things
You don't want to know.
Think it sounds great?
By golly you're right!
There could be day
In the middle of night.
The sea could be purple,
The grass could be blue,
And no one will see it
'Less you want them to.
The paper can open
A new wondrous place
Full of witches and fairies,
A don's furry face.
Some things on paper
Start only as dreams
But they come to life
When a pen hits the scene.
No one can tell you
Just where to stop.
It's your life; you live it
And climb to the top.
And while you are up there
The thoughts flowing free,
I hope you remember
These words said to me.
It isn't just writing,
It's venting as well.
For how you are feeling
Your writing will tell.
And when you are happy
The words come out fun.
They won't be all gloomy
But bright as the sun.

And even in sorrow
Some good comes from pain.
For sometimes in poems
The tears are called rain.
Writing is good.
I like it a lot.
You think you can do it?
Lets see what you've got.
There is the paper
And here is the pen.
Just PLEASE don't you ever
Forget the

THE END



Todd Johnson
9th grade

"Plastic Boy"

By Adam Petersen, Senior

**You're so fake...
Smile, everyone's watching.
They watch but don't see...
Won't see...
Can't see...
But it's painfully obvious to me:
Your smile is fake.
FAKE!**

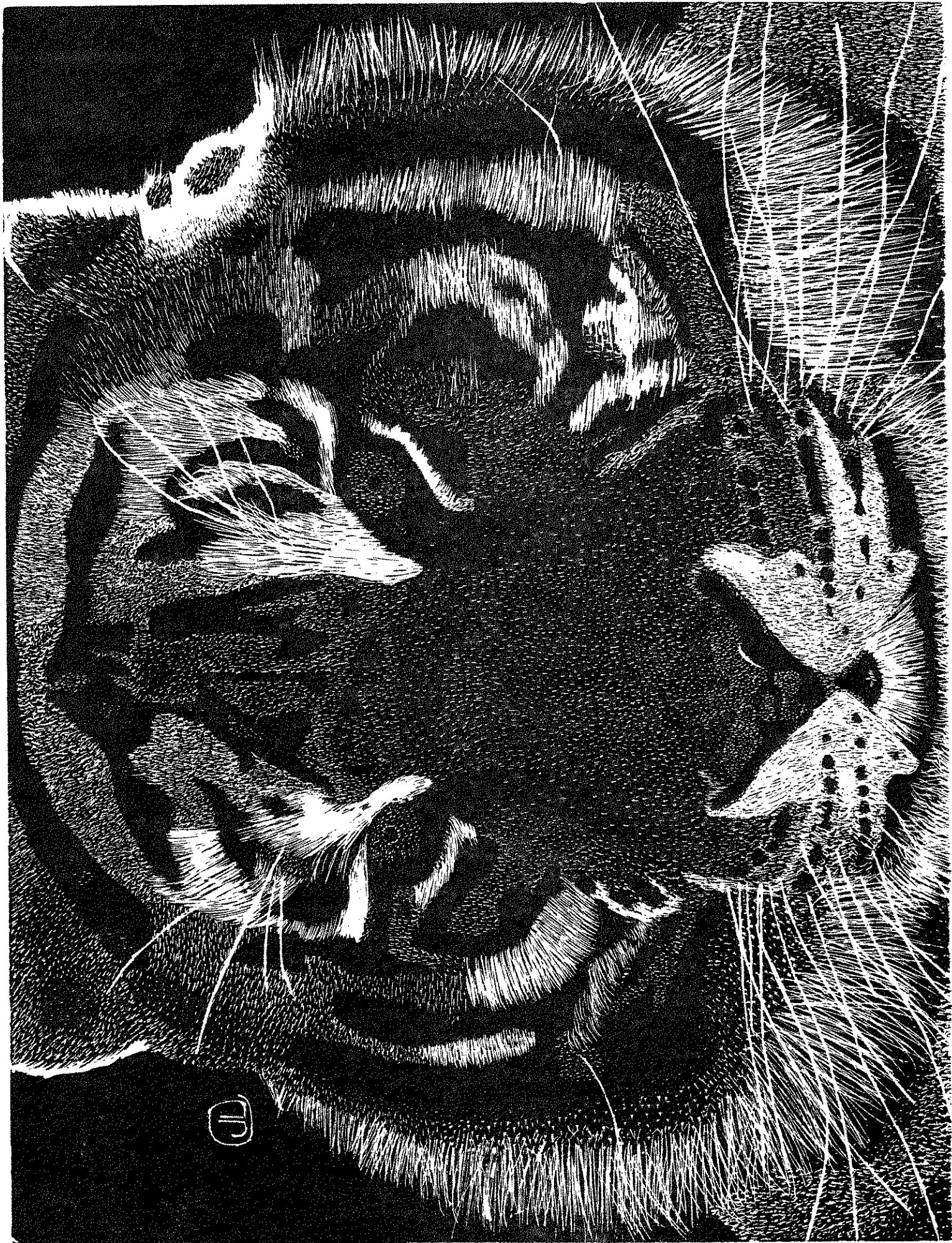
**You're so fake...
You bought some expensive clothes.
Some people are impressed by that.
I'm not.
You can buy all the fancy threads in the world,
But you can't buy substance.
So you'll just have to fake some substance instead.
FAKE!**

**You're so fake...
You do your song and dance.
Don't worry... the dance is good.
So good that no one will notice...
Notice the trite lyrics you sing.
Except for me... I notice...
Notice and I'm not impressed.
FAKE!**

**You're so fake...
You meet all the right people.
Shake all the right hands.
Pull itchy blindfolds over all the right eyes.
That's right Plastic Boy, wool itches.
But I don't itch Plastic boy:
I can still see you just fine.
FAKE!**

You're so fake...
You've clawed your way to the top.
At the expense of us; your partners.
We were supposed to be a team.
The crowd loved it.
Take a bow, Plastic Boy
FAKE!

You're so fake...
You're made of molded plastic.
Hollow plastic.
Empty;
Prefab;
Cold;
Inhuman;
FAKE!



Jason Lacey
12th grade

Facing Fear

**As I lay quietly in my bed,
A silence fills my head.**

**I go searching in the night,
Slowly following the light.**

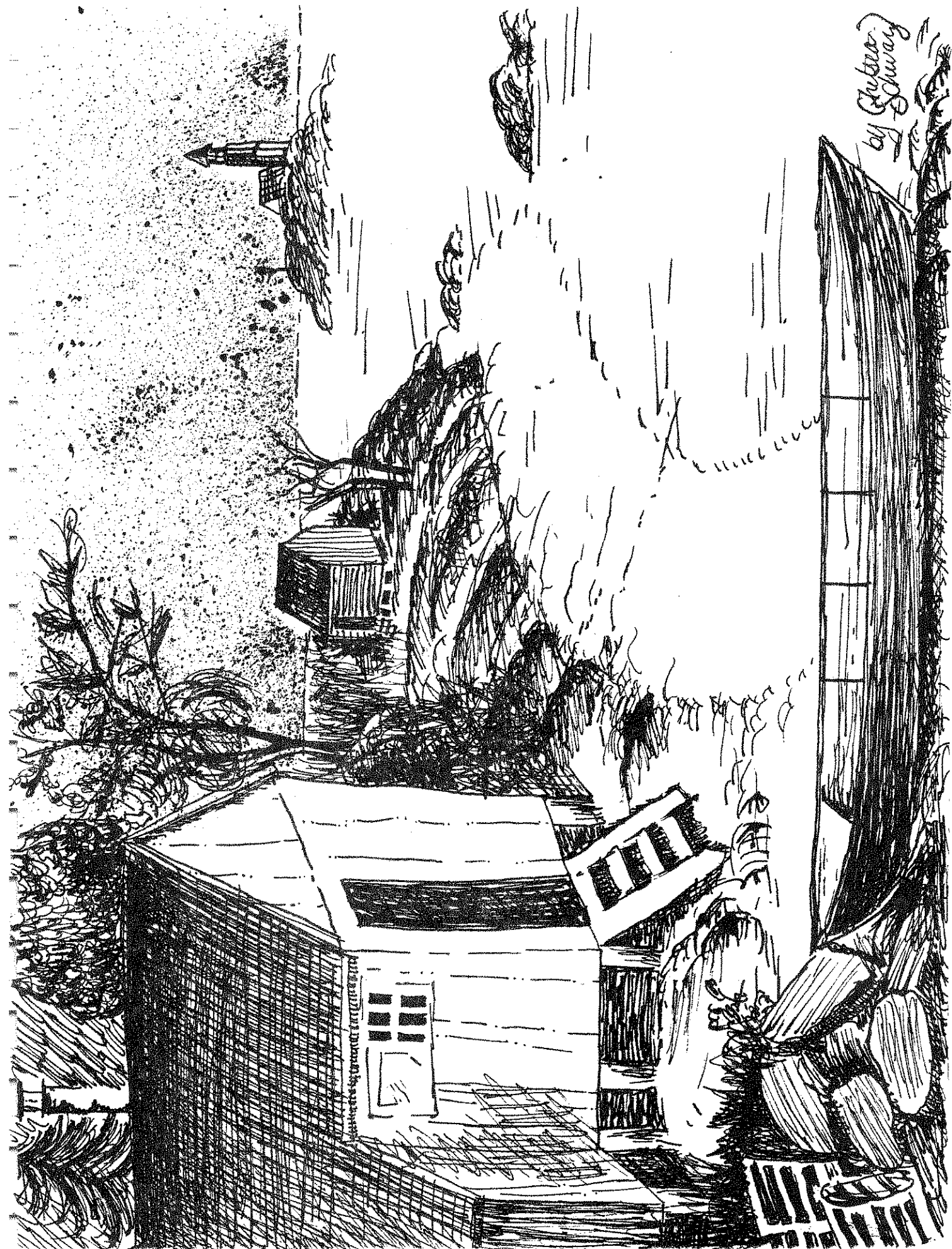
**I don't know what I'm looking for,
Suddenly I'm standing at a door.**

**I feel so drawn,
To know what's beyond.**

**But the door disappears,
I realize I can't face my fears.**

Brooke Reth, Junior

by Gubra-
Schway

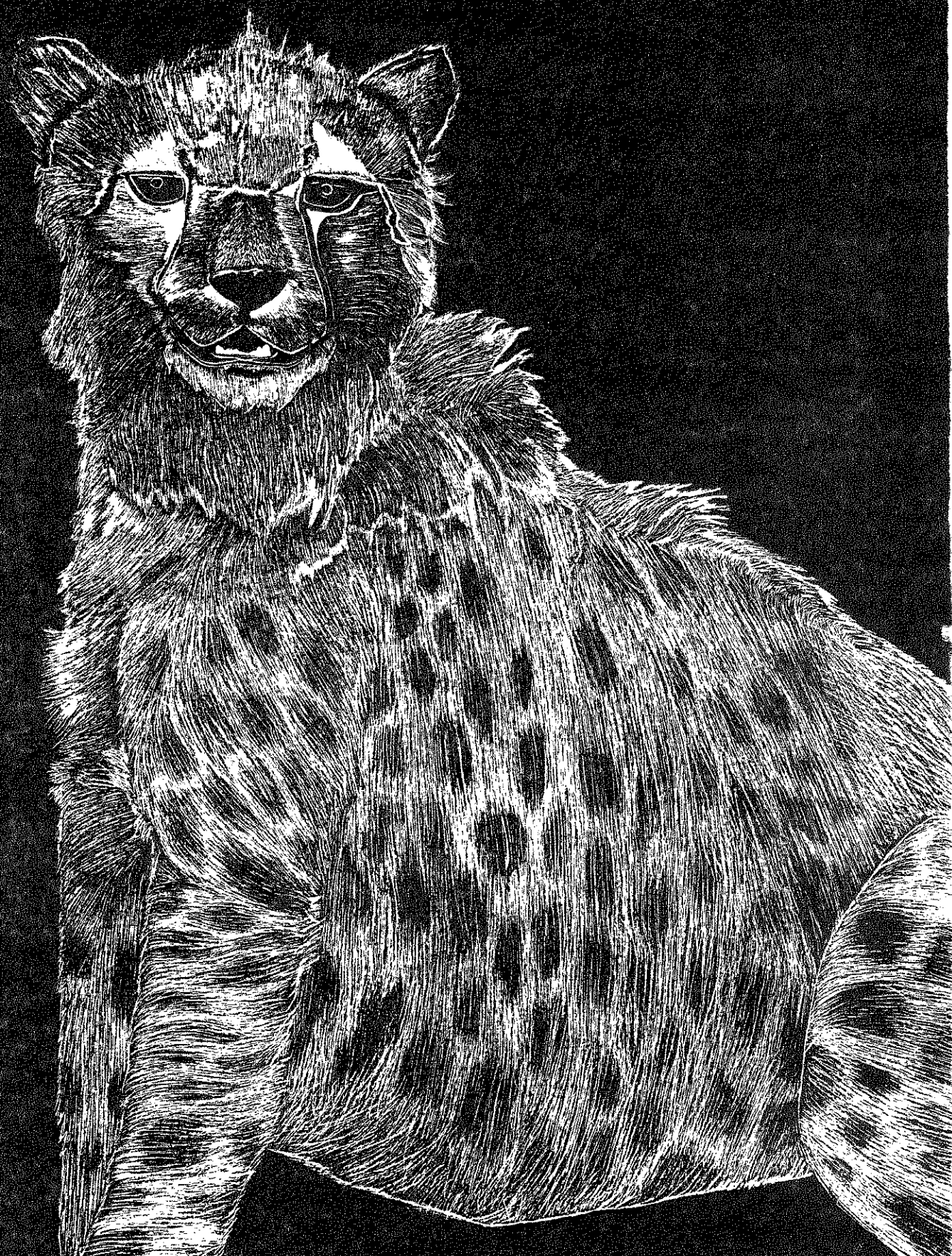


Chelsea Schwarz
9th grade

DREAM

Close your eyes and dream
Dream of beautiful things that make life
Worth while
Dream about lilies dancing in the wind or of
Rain drops turned to rose peddles falling from
The sky.
Dream of rainy days, starry nights and little
Things that make life so sweet.
So when you close your eyes and dream
Dream of wonderful beautiful things.

Ashley Mitchell, Sophomore



DM

David McCoy
11th grade

The Woodchuck

**How much wood would a woodchuck
Chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

Say it 2x faster

**How much wood would a woodchuck
Chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

Say it 4x faster

**How much wood would a woodchuck
Chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

Say it 6x faster

**How much wood would a woodchuck
Chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

Say it 8x faster

**How much wood would a woodchuck
Chuck, if a woodchuck could chuck wood?**

Denny Hennigan, '56

Daemons

Winter Daemons of the sky.
Neon angels flashing by.
Fateful spins of fire and ice.
Paying the eternal price.

Hard the hand of Heaven's might will
Turn the wheel of Nature's cycle.
Darkness follows Light as Day
Speeds the Night along its way.

Sol and Luna's cosmic swirl.
Kindred Spritis' wings unfurled
Fallen from the vault above,
Clasped in forbidden love.

Ember glows in ashen snow,
Tell where we have been
Show where we must go.
As up above, so down below.

Wing-ed angels of the night
Prance about on my skylight,
Casting shadow dancing star.
What you dream is what you are!

Nicole Feldpausch, Junior



Borah Woodward

Bekah Woodard
9th Grade



Maggie Davis
10th grade

In This World

A boy was stabbed
A girl was raped
A shooting took place yesterday
It's news like this
That repeats in my head
And I'm lost for what to say

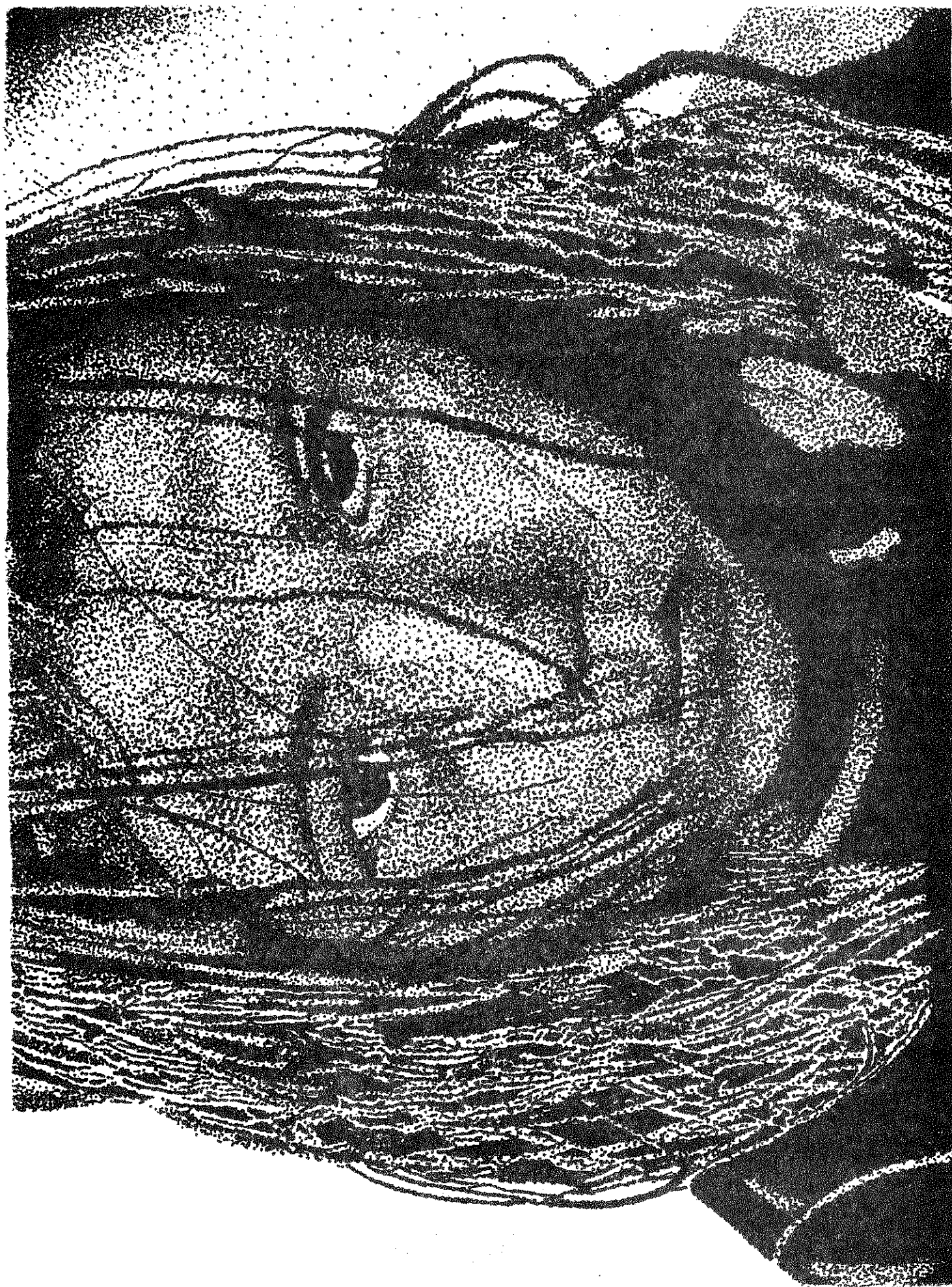
Another child is now on drugs
So many others are on the street
They buried another suicide
Whose life was incomplete
This guy hates that one
For the color of his skin
But I believe we're equal outside
And we're all the same within

A drunk driver died in a car accident
Who took another family with him
There's thoughts of death that cloud my mind
Our light is growing dim
A baby is born in an alley
And found in a dumpster near-by
Left by a frightened teenage mother
Who left her child to die

A new kid at school is tortured
And so he puts his trust in no one
Yet those who tortured do not realize
The damage they have done
A person's heart can take only so much
A new cut is made with every harsh word
His pain grows more with his life story-
A story that no one had ever heard

They won't take the time to listen
They don't care how much you hurt
They're the ones who think they are better
Who keep your face shoved in the dirt
So much pain and suffering
In this cold and dying world I see
And every night I pray
For the peace there was meant to be-

Diana Kramer- Junior



Abby Wiese
10th grade

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The Autumn Storm

Tate Carter, Senior

When looking back on ones life, many memories come to pass through that great manifest we call the "human mind." Mankind has always looks to nature as a source of power and beauty, but one outlet of the greatest of it's forces has been discussed in literature and created in art for so many centuries, the storm. I remember so many times, sitting on the back porch of my grandmothers house, watching a storm rise over the Mississippi River Valley, but it has taken me a lifetime of thought and reason to come to a theory that explains why man feels the way he does about storms. The storm itself is not really the important part; it's the timing that is crucial.

We began with a cloudy, October dusk on an lowan plain. As the sun's time is almost done, and half of it has dipped behind the barren cornfield that lies in front of ones feet. The orange orbs and purple rays stretch to the clouds hanging in the distance. The grayish mesh of the storm clouds reflects the light giving off an eerie violet ambiance. The shade produced expands in all the directions that the mortal eye can contain. A clap of thunder in the distant shakes the eardrum and warns of the life breathing behind the hills of the valleys. This is the way of life, the way that a man has lived for thousands of years. A ritual of life, a prayer of safety, all said in a brief but ever lasting moment of nature, the thunder doesn't roll but glides upon the dusk-tinted streaks of light that jumps across the mind of man.

The wind grows heavier still, pushing off the drab leaves of spring past, memories of a different life. The trees by the creek are left barren, creating a wiry archway of dying time and finally of rest, which looms over the calm water. THE leaves begin their voyage from this stream, to quote the poem *Stopping by Woods one Snowy Evening* by Robert Frost "I have miles to go before I sleep." That is the essence of the leaves. The cold gusts paint an aromatic picture; it is one of hay bales, corn leaves, and rain, leaving a very light but still present odor of time ending.

Being of this world it is still amazing to my young mind to watch as that first glimpse of the curtain of shameless rain flows down the hills as an army would to war. This cleanses the timber of nature along with the timber of the human satisfaction. A man can still sit for hours and watch a storm such as this and feel as if only a moment of his small presence on this tiny rock has been stolen from him. The curtain grows with each serene minute that passes.

Hoping that the clouds, now dark and hiding the western glow of the dying day, show their true being. The light is only a brief second but the energy that the bolt holds controls the hearts of all living creatures' soles. The charge of course, is only known a one language, a fierceness of nature. Lightning has been seen for the millenniums and will be seen for millenniums to come. But it is in that one brief moment that all men across borders, life styles, and even time, are combined to share in its glory of white-hot rage that grows from the clouds above. The excitement jumps across the sky to announce its presence in the small world it resides in, and then, as if God's voice had reached upon the fall ground, a sound of pure force rumbles the organs of all that hear its words.

The rain is finally felt in a cold, calming, repenting, fashion as it rolls down the brow of a man as it hits the creek creating a rhythm to the uncontrolled beast that is

the storm. The rain almost seems subdued as it falls lightly upon the earth. The sound of the droplets hitting the late corn leaves is a song and lullaby of Mother Nature to all of her children, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. And then a blot of the white, hot, rage dances down from the heavens, and as if Hell's own gates were opened, and all of the damned ran out, the rain begins its fierce bombardment of the land below. The wind blows hard, bending the archway of branches that loomed over the calm brook, to a point where it no longer is a

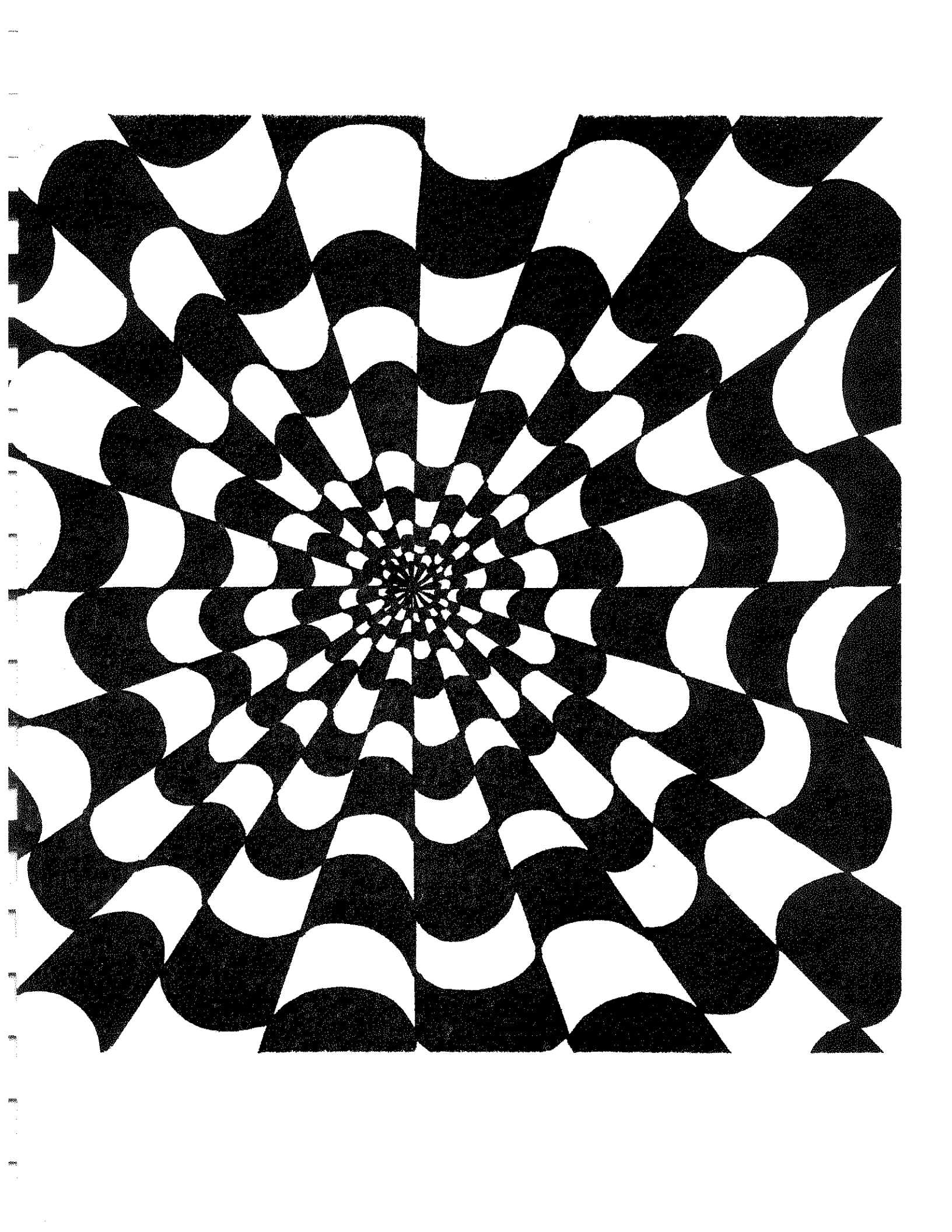
Tree, but is a claw of the storm reaching out for a life. The drops seem almost to hum a melon collie ballad as it hits the earth below.

The audacious storm blew on forcing it's power on the world below. As the storm grew hard and Lucifer himself could almost be seen in the clouds above, the sky opened up to dismantle the storm. The rain slowed to its gentle tapping again and the branches held a reception in their wiry corridor for the night air that blew so cold. The clouds dismayed by the defeat of their power left the sky, like a black cloudy vessel sailing upon the nights diamond sky of an Iowa autumn, consenting to allow the moon of milkfish white to rule over its subjects. The stars shine bright as the storm moves off. The beast gives the dusky sky of the plains and to refresh the minds of the young children who so adamantly watched its power.

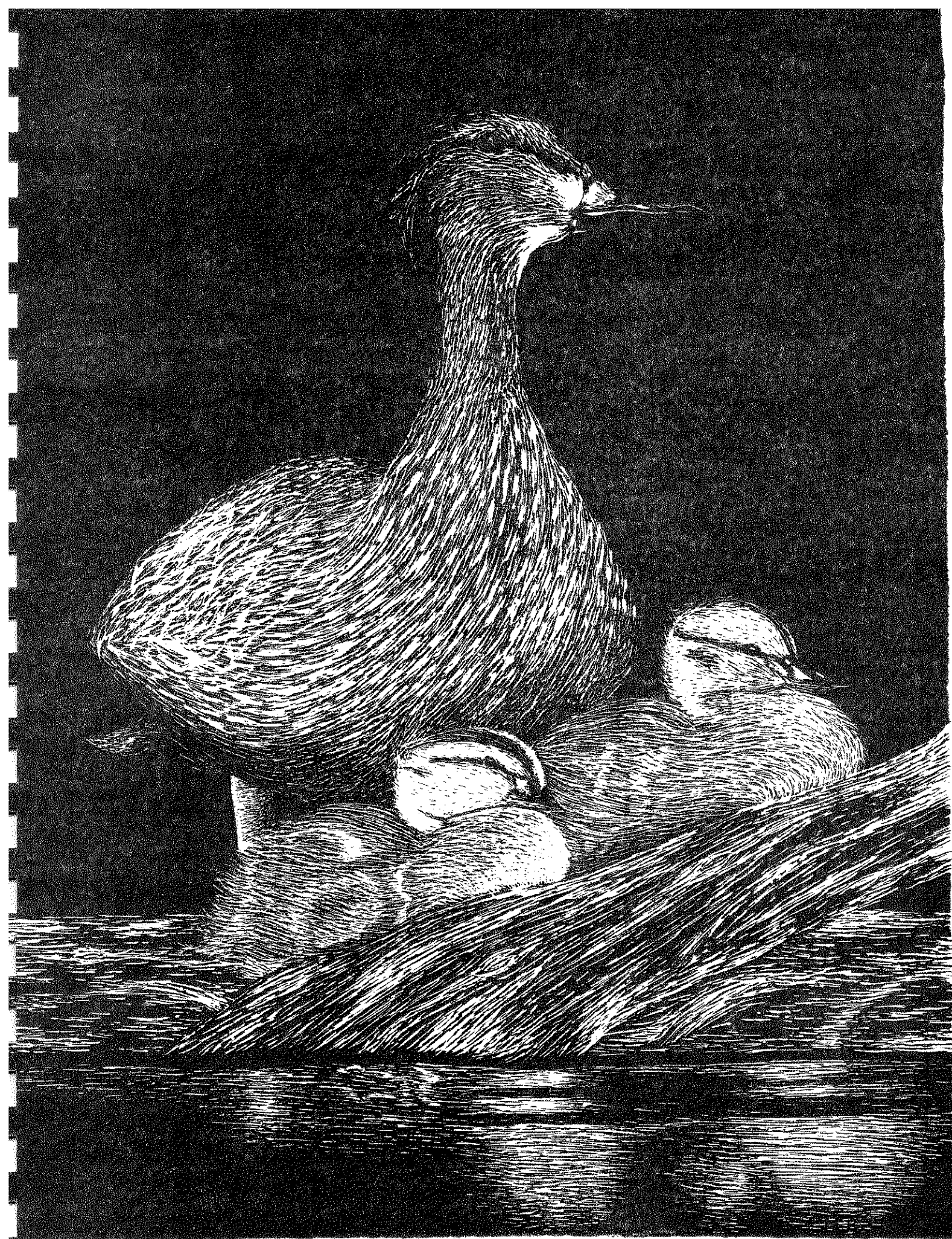
Autumn storm part two

Tree, but is a claw of the storm reaching out for a life. The drops seem almost to hum a melon collie ballad as it hits the earth below.

The audacious storm blew on forcing it's power on the world below. As the storm grew hard and Lucifer himself could almost be seen in the clouds above, the sky opened up to dismantle the storm. The rain slowed to its gentle tapping again and the branches held a reception in their wiry corridor for the night air that blew so cold. The clouds dismayed by the defeat of their power left the sky, like a black cloudy vessel sailing upon the nights diamond sky of an Iowa autumn, consenting to allow the moon of milkfish white to rule over its subjects. The stars shine bright as the storm moves off. The beast gives the dusky sky of the plains and to refresh the minds of the young children who so adamantly watched its power.



Rachel Kieler
10th grade



Carla McCubbin
10th grade

Salem's Crew

The rusted old charter bus had that stale smell that only sweat has. Nevertheless, it was the only place that David could find that would keep him out of the horrendous storm. He figured that even rats wouldn't be caught dead hiding in such an old rusty pile of metal, at least he hoped there wouldn't be. Either way, he had no choice. So, he tore up a few of the old seats and made sure they were rat free, then he lay down and pulled out his journal. He flipped through the pages as though he was searching for something in between the thick pieces of rustling paper.

David began to relax and drift away as the storm quieted down. The dust had settled in the bus and what rats there were had all burrowed into there hiding places to sleep for the evening. Suddenly, an immense crash came from the outside, something like a gunshot. Then, a gigantic figure burst through the rusted out emergency door. It was Richard, one of the members of his research team. As Richard approached him, David noticed a scared expression on his face. Richard was like a huge bear, you'd never expect to see him acting like such a little child.

"What is it, Richard?" David asked with caution, not wanting to get too close. "Where have you been? What happened to everyone? Where's the rest of the team?"

"Slow down," Richard replied in a low tone. "It's gonna take me a minute."

"All right, but hurry," David said with an unexpected tension in his voice. "If they're still alive, we don't have much time. As David was ranting, his face began to get a dark shade of red. David looked as if he were about to explode, Richard knew that now was not the time to play with him.

"They aren't alive!" Richard screamed, his voice became rigid and angry. "Got it? They are all dead, all five of them. Give it up, you saw them get killed!"

"But, I saw you get killed, too," David replied. "How did you get out?"

"With this," Richard held up an old-fashioned pump shotgun, one of the many they had found. "I remembered I had this and that I still had plenty of ammunition. Anyway, once you got out through the window, they started coming..."

"Who are they?!" David asked, cutting into Richard's story.

"It's not that easy to explain. They aren't really people, more like...the undead...yet not vampires, I don't think. But, they very well could be."

"What do you mean vampires?" Asked David, suppressing laughter. He knew that this would not be the ideal time to start making jokes. He knows that Richard could survive out here, but he himself was a lost cause.

"Honestly, just listen to my story," Richard said, almost pleading.

"Fine," David answered. "Just make sure that you don't get worked up, you already have me worried enough."

"Alright," said Richard, as he took a couple deep breaths. "Like I said, once you got out, they started coming at us. Naturally everyone thought to rush them. But, Charlie and I decided to stay back and assess the situation.

"It wasn't worth the effort though. The things fought back, and they were able to overpower each of our guys. Once they had gotten all of our team to the ground, they started to eat at their bodies, or at least that is what it looked like to us. Charlie looked like he was about to get sick, all the gnawing and slurping noises were sure making me feel nauseous. Then, a sudden chill came over the whole room. It was as if death himself had walked through that room and touched every one of us. Once the chill had passed over, all of the creatures looked up and seemed to be staring right through us. But, there was something else..."

"What was it?" David asked, now obviously more interested in what Richard had to say.

"Their eyes," Richard replied, retreating into another one of his low tones. "It was their eyes." His own eyes started to seem quite distant.

"What about their eyes, Richard?" asked David.

"They started to glow. It was like a hundred flashlights, pointed at Charlie and me. It was eerie. Yet, it seemed almost comforting. Like, we wanted to be there, in the lights.

"Then the lights were gone, and the room became cold again. It was so cold; we could see each other's breath. Then the things stood up; one of them started to come at us. So, Charlie ran up and tried to stop him from coming any further. But the thing was too strong for him. The thing twisted Charlie's arm all the way around, then he ripped it out right out of the socket and off of his body. The sound was horrible, it was like someone snapped a huge branch off of a tree and then ripped a hundred wet clothes in slow motion. It was horrifying. You could see the tendons dangling out of his body and the detached arm, blood was spurting out of his body and dripping from his mutilated arm. I never had seen so much blood.

"Then, the rest of the creatures rushed forward and started lapping up the blood, the slurping sounds were deafening."

"But, how did you get away?" David insisted. He began to get goosebumps from head to toe.

"When they came at me," Richard began. "I grabbed one of the shotguns we found. First, I aimed for the stomach...nothing. The thing even looked like he grinned at me. So, I aimed at the chest. And that shot blew out the creature's shriveled, black heart.

You know what the really weird thing is, though? When I shot them in the head, it didn't do a thing to stop them."

"Richard," David said with a curious voice, "Give me that shotgun." Richard slowly hands him the shotgun, a slight look of worry on his face.

"What do you need it for?" Richard asked cautiously.

"Just wait," replied David as he pops open the chamber to the shotgun. He removed one of the cartridges and proceeded to carefully open the shell over a piece of paper. Once it was open, he poured out the contents. "I think you were right about the vampire thing. Sorry that I doubted you, these aren't regular bullets. They're filled with shards of wood, like little spikes, and pieces of pure silver. I wouldn't be surprised if they were even soaked in holy water."

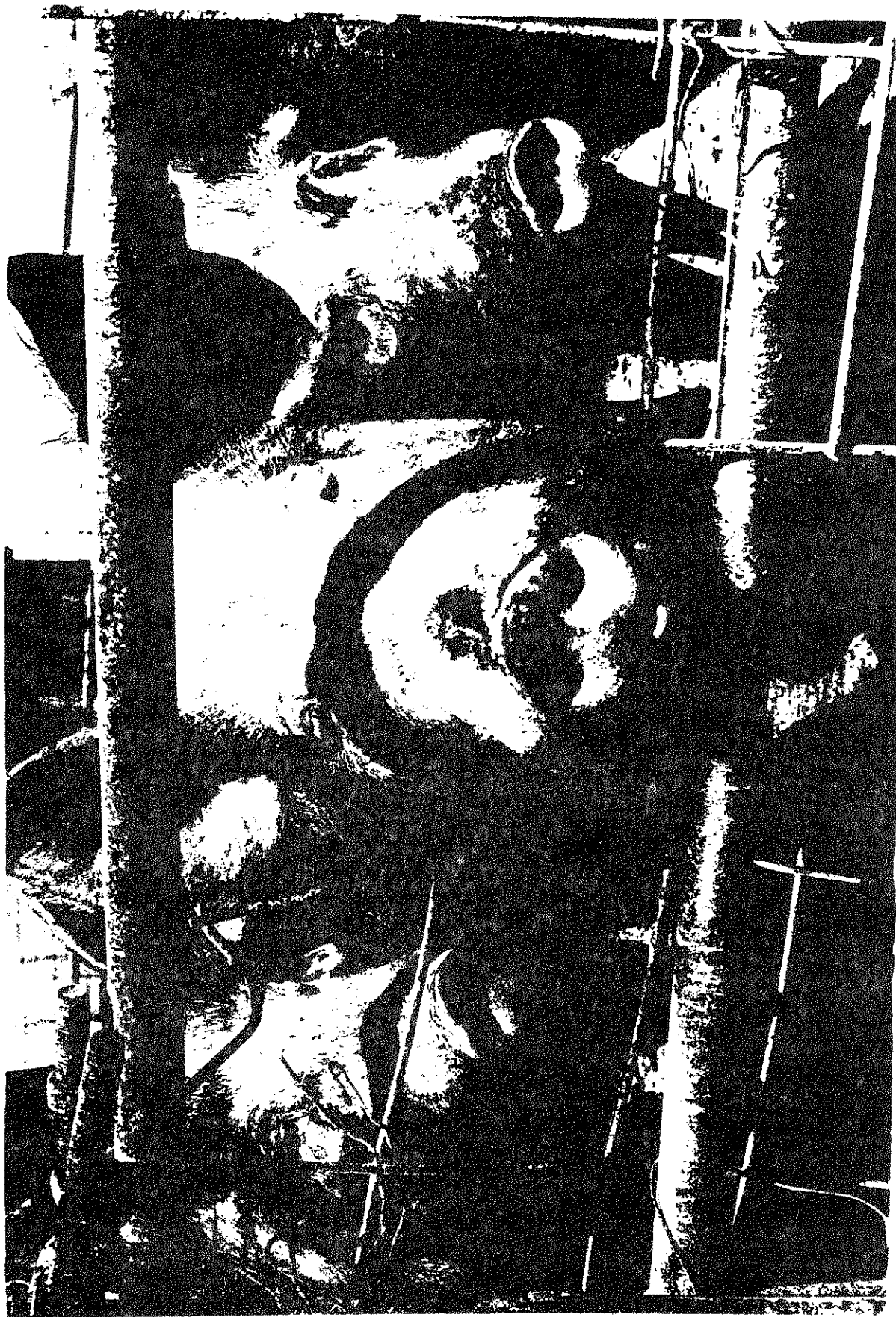
"Are you serious?" asked Richard with enthusiasm. "But why?"

"I think someone knew about these things. And they prepared themselves for the attack. By the looks of this town, though, they weren't as ready as they thought," David explained. "It seems as though we are the only real living creatures in this town, besides the rats on this bus."

"Then what do we do?" Richard asked, almost whimpering.

David looked at him with steady eyes, "We wait until morning."

Clint R. Heitz, Senior



Sarah Anderson (photograph)
Junior

A Surprise for the Officer's Wives

James Rover sat in the corner of an old dank jail cell. His face was weathered from wandering out in the cold, he was a traveler. His eyes were stuck in a thin squint, as if he was watching for both a predator and prey. His lips were taught, showing no indication of his current state. He was a stone figure. Yet, the dim cell was cold and wet, so the tough traveler couldn't help but shiver every once in awhile. His long trench coat was his only blanket, stained and as worn as his face.

He was in jail because he had killed a girl a few weeks ago. Not necessarily intentionally, he was having a schizophrenic episode and the confounded girl was too ignorant to just leave when he told her to. Two weeks later, they found her body face down in Jackson's Pond. The girl's body was blue and bloated. As the coroner tried to overturn her body, pieces of her skin pulled away from what fat was left in her. When her body finally dropped over, so her face was up, the coroner stumbled into the bushes with a shamed look on his face. Her forehead had been smashed in with a blunt object, but that wasn't the worst part. Since she had been left out in the water, the fish and any other animal had come along and ate away at her body, leaving it so mutilated as that it could not be easily identified. The beautiful girl's face was completely gone, and maggots poured out of the hollows where her eyes should have been. It was the most gruesome sight any of the detectives had ever seen. Luckily, the sick murderer's wallet had been grasped in the dead girl's cold fingers.

Every one of the police officers held contempt for James Rover. Even James Rover hated himself for what he had done in that fit of rage. Nonetheless, he tried to escape any way.

When the evening guards were taking their breaks and changing shifts, he decided to make his move. Since he was so quiet and kept to himself, they only sent one officer in with his food. When that officer came in, James grabbed the guard's baton and crushed his head, knocking him over a nearby desk. Then, without looking back, James ran for the woods with the voices of at least a dozen cops behind him.

As James ran through the woods, he looked back to see if he was being followed. All he saw was the one cop, the one he had hit. He was chasing him, carrying a shotgun, and his face was smeared with blood and turning a pale blue. James continued to run, but whenever he looked over his shoulder, there was the same officer, seeming to catch up on him. As James came to a clearing he fell to his knees and threw up his hands. He knew at this rate he would die anyway. When the officer approached, he didn't even speak. The officer aimed the shotgun and pointed back to the jail. With no fuss, James led them back to the jail.

When James stepped through the door, he was faced with two dozen drawn service pistols. He looked over his shoulder and the first officer was gone. Then, the other officers began to slowly advance, and James saw the dead body of the officer that he had clubbed over the head. Yet, despite his yells, the other cops came faster. They didn't bother to cuff him; they just began to beat him.

Suddenly, a shout came from the back. It was a rookie female officer.

"What do you think you are doing?" She screamed.

"He killed Officer Reynolds!" Captain Hendricks shouted. "He's getting exactly what he deserves!"

As the female officer tries to intervene, the sergeant backhands her and sends her sprawling across the floor. She was unconscious, obviously not dead.

The Captain kneels over her body and checks her pulse. In a monotone voice he states, "She's dead, we have to get rid of both of their bodies."

"Sir," exclaimed Sergeant Patterson.

"Sir, nothing," urged the Captain. "She is dead!"

Without anymore protest, the other officers follow all of the Captain's commands, not wanting to be charged with insubordination and police brutality with the prisoner. There was a new construction area behind the jail. So, they wrapped the two bodies separately in tarps and had the Sergeant stay and guard them, while three men figured a cover story and the rest of the men dug.

After a few hours, the Captain went to get the bodies. To his surprise, the Sergeant was gone, but he would be "dealt with" later. As they buried the bodies they heard light moans, but they kept on piling on the dirt. After a few hits of dirt they began to hear muffled screams, but still they kept packing in the dirt.

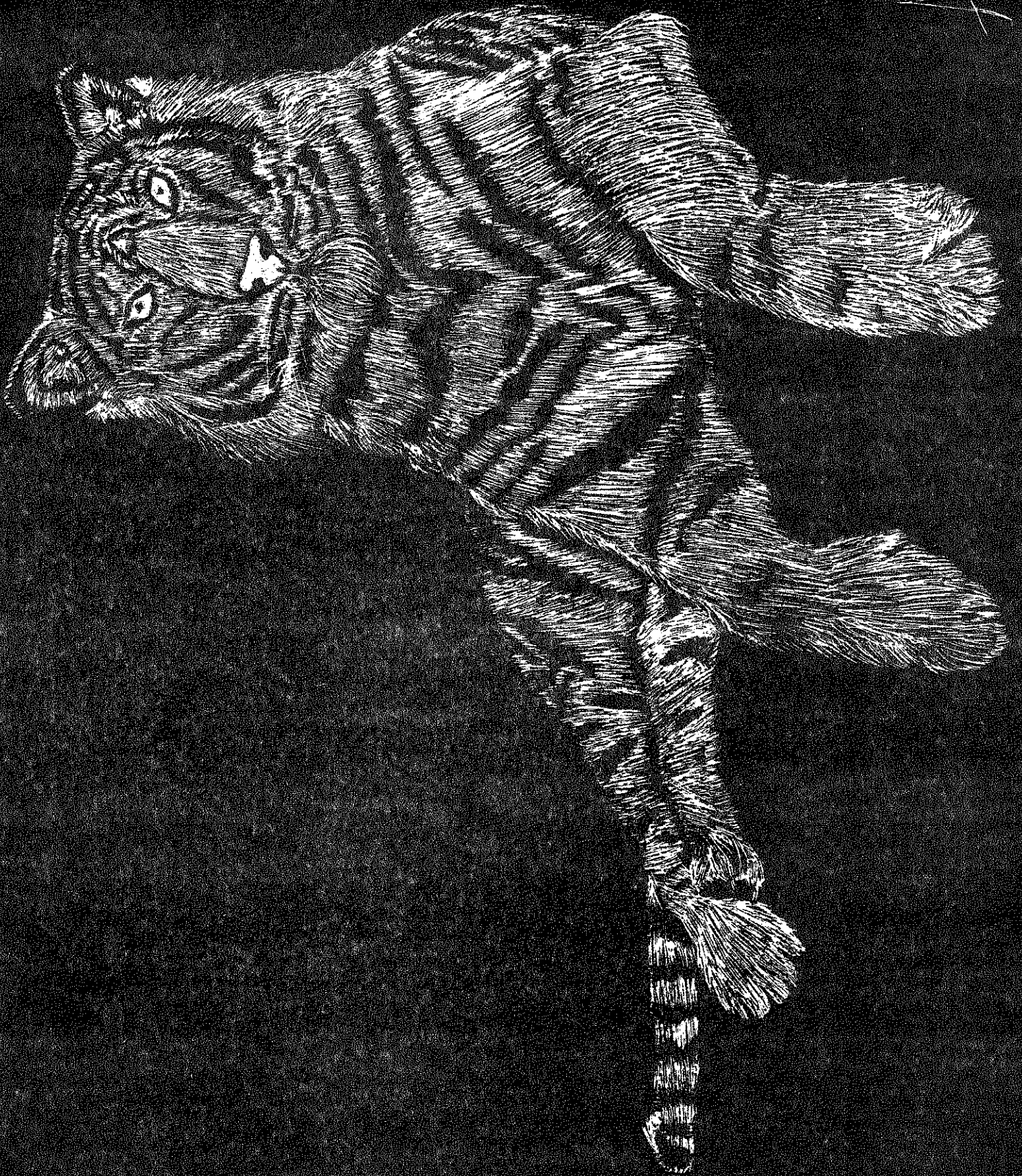
Later, in the morning, the Officer's Wives Club came to work on their newest project. They were building an in-ground shed behind the department. The women had used a bulldozer to clear a little of the dirt, but they found it soft enough to dig after one scoop. So, they jumped in the hole and started digging away. Suddenly, they hit something tough. The women in the hole cleared away the dirt and found something they thought looked like a blue tarp. With excitement at their discovery, they hoisted the two bundles out of the hole.

All of the women gathered around as Mrs. Patterson tore open the first, heaviest, tarp. As soon as the first foot of the tarp was cut, all of the women let out blood-curdling screams. In the first tarp, was the body of one Sergeant Patterson. His body severely beaten and bounded at the feet and hands. In the second tarp was the body of the schizophrenic murderer, James Rover.

Till this day, no one is ever reported to have found the body of the rookie female officer.

Clint R. Heitz, Senior

Amplify



Amanda Opatka
10th grade



Anna Iverson
10th grade

The Mini Lance

A Morning
Star tribute to
the outstanding
journalists at
North Scott
High School

Large Class Sizes

Diane Hultquist
CO-EDITOR

When a student first starts thinking about their freshmen year in high school, they may be thinking about all the new choices they will have for classes. There is a downside to all these choices though: large class sizes.

"Students request to be placed in certain classes and we try our best to meet their requests," said Frank Wood, associate principal. "Some of the classes in the course book are not offered every year though, because of lack of student interest and teacher availability."

Because of the variety of classes at North Scott High School (NSHS), a student can go through their entire four years and never get the chance to take a particular class they really want because of low class enrollment.

"There are some classes that I would like to take before I leave North Scott," said freshmen Katie Slama. "But I would rather have small class sizes to ensure one-on-one time with the teacher, which I think is essential to the learning experience."

"I like the fact that students have choices, it's not like junior high where you told what classes you will take and maybe have one class you actually get to choose yourself," said Wood.

Maybe offering classes—like Statistics, which hasn't been offered in the past four years due to lack of interest—every other year would give students the chance to take that less popular class. Promoting those less popular classes, and only having to do that every other year, wouldn't be that difficult compared to the experience that the students who really want to take that class would get.

"When there is only one section of certain classes, we try to get as many people into it as possible," said Wood. "Along with the advanced and less popular classes, come the adding of students into other required and more popular classes in order to free a teacher."

The ultimate question really is, is there a teacher available? If there are not enough teachers to teach all of the classes students sign up for, the logical thing to do would be to hire more teachers.

Even though most of the classrooms at NSHS are the same size dimensionally, the maximum amount of students which is entered into the computer scheduling program are different. For example, Twentieth Century American Literature has a maximum seating of 28 and Nineteenth Century American Literature's maximum is 25.

"The maximum seating is used as a guideline for the computer software program used and they also give us room to add a few kids, if needed," said Wood. "I get nervous when we reach 30 for a class, and we try our hardest not to put students or teachers in that situation."

"Large class sizes decreases the learning potential for students because a teacher can only get to so many students on a one-on-one basis," said Carrie Lane, business instructor. "Classes are only so big and the equipment available makes it hard to exceed limits in classes such as computer programming."

"We take into consideration the actual class room size as much as possible," said Wood, "but if we gave special privileges to the teachers who had smaller classrooms, then all of our teachers would want smaller classrooms so they could have a smaller number of students."

Average class size at North Scott is 24, but there are some extremities. Bernie Peeters Painting II class has only four students, while Randy Denner's World History II classes has 30 students. "I did have good numbers first semester, including two classes of 13...first time ever in 25 years," said Denner. "It was a nice change of pace and I believe the students did better overall. It's certainly less stressful for the teacher in a profession that is not getting any easier."

English and social studies are the most popular departments for elective classes at NSHS, exceeding their intended goal for the number of students by 25 for English

and 19 for social studies. There are no rules at NSHS saying that a teacher can not teach 35 students in one class.

The North Central Association (NCA), which the North Scott School District belongs to, makes suggestions for the maximum amount of students in a class in certain areas. The NCA's suggestion for all writing courses is 20, and 25 for all other literature classes.

"I believe that all writing classes should not have more than 20 students in each section ideally," said Karri Heath, language arts instructor. "The assignments given in writing classes take a great deal of time to grade if you want to give authentic feedback. For example, the long research paper in Advanced Composition, which is eight to ten pages, takes approximately 30-45 minutes per paper to grade. If I had the ideal amount of students per class (20 students), at four sections it would take approximately 60 hours outside of class to grade the student's work."

Even with small assignments that take five minutes per paper to grade, a lot of time is still involved. Tracee Orman has two sections of Journalism II, a writing workshop course. The student have 14 short papers to write during the semester, and Orman estimates that she spends a maximum five minutes editing each story. With 30 students in each section, it will take 700 hours to grade all the papers. "I wish I could give more feedback to the students," said Orman. "I could probably write a page worth of comments on each story, but I just don't have the time. Instead, I jot a couple notes and edit marks and move on to the next one."

Wood agrees that there is a problem with the numbers, but based on the scheduling restraints really cannot do anything about it. "We try to make the schedules based on the least amount of conflicts for both students and teachers, but some sacrifices have to be made when going through the scheduling process," he said.

Teachers can request to have smaller class sizes, but the schedule can not always accommodate their requests. If a student signs up for a class but it is already

considered full, the student has the chance to go to the teacher and still try to be part of the class. The last say is always in the administrator's hands, though.

"I would rather be in a small class, because with too many people it is hard to concentrate with all of the side conversations," said junior Kathy Wright.

"In a way, students get cheated when there are large class sizes," said language arts teacher Kristin Doonan, "because grading takes so much time. When you have 60 papers at a time, a teacher has to decide what is more important: the experience from receiving and doing more assignments, or the feedback that students get from a teacher when they get a paper back and the knowledge they gain from learning their mistakes."

"Something is going to have to go if teachers keep having such large numbers of students to teach," she said. "Which should it be, the experience or the knowledge?"

The average class size at North Scott High School is 24, which would give teachers 144 students per semester to evaluate. The following lists the teacher and how many students they have this semester to evaluate.

<u>Teacher/Department</u>	<u># of Students (avg. 144)</u>
Dan Mashek (P.E.)	201
Lori Potts (Music)	169
Tracee Orman (English)	162
Deac Ryan (Business)	161
Randy Denner (Social Studies)	154
Chad Guge (Social Studies)	148
Denny Hennigan (English)	148
Beth Pearson (Foreign Lang.)	68
Bernie Peeters (Art)	80
Mike Brown (Science)	90
Jeff Newmeister (Science)	91
Joni Schneider (Art)	97
Heather Reedy (Math)	101
Glendena Heiman (Science)	108

subscriptions to *The Lance* in the *Press*, and possibly distributing the May issue of *The Lance* in the *Press*.

"The May issue is considered the 'senior' issue, and if we can afford to, we'd like to distribute that in the *Press*," said Orman.

"I think it's important that we maintain a positive relationship with the *Press*," said Orman. "The staff [of the *Press*] has been helpful in many ways. The students do not want people [of the community] to think that this was a vendetta against the *Press* or community members. It was a basic business decision that was not personal in any way."

At the end of the school year the paper will be evaluated to see if the change has been successful in achieving the goal of *The Lance* staff. Principal Nick Hobbs and Orman will produce a rubric to evaluate the success. Orman and staff members will then present the results to the Curriculum Cabinet in May. Cabinet members will then decide whether the decision will be permanent.

"We thank the *Press* for all that they have done for us in the past," said senior Jana Hemphill, co-editor, "but I believe it is time for a change."

Dropping the North Scott Press

By Diane Hultquist, CO-EDITOR

North Scott residents may notice their issue of the *North Scott Press* seems lighter today.

The Lance, which has been distributed through the *Press* for a number of years, is now on its own, being distributed at the high school and by subscription for non-student or non-staff.

"I want the opportunity to run a real newspaper," said senior Will Rebman, sports editor. "We didn't have as much control over our paper before because our options were limited."

Options such as running color and full-color photos were not open to the staff because of the financial burden. "We could not afford color issues for 7,000 copies of our paper," said Tracee Orman, advisor. "But now that we only pay for 1,200 copies, the possibilities are endless to visually improve our paper."

"The staff's main concern was that they did not feel as though they have ownership of the paper," said Orman. "Ownership comes down to being proud of what you are doing and maintaining control. Being distributed through the *Press* really did limit their creativity both in

writing and in layout of the paper."

Before the decision (which was presented by editors of *The Lance* to the Curriculum Cabinet Sept. 25, and approved Oct. 18), students would design their pages on the computer and print out the pages. The pages were taken to the *Press*, and advertisements and photos were scanned in or photocopied and placed in the appropriate places (well sometimes!). A member or members of the *Press* would then take the layout to Trico Communications in Davenport for the paper to be printed.

"We are basically eliminating one step in the process, but saving a lot of money by doing that," said Orman. "We will still have the paper printed at Trico, but we are responsible for scanning our own photos and advertisements."

"We will also be able to save our entire paper on a zip disk, which eliminates the need to print out an old-fashioned-layout and paste pictures to it. Everything will now be done on the computer."

By doing this, the quality of digital photos will be improved because Trico

will print directly from the disk, rather than printing from a photocopy of the layout. Also, Trico uses the design software Quark Xpress—same as *The Lance*. The *Press* uses a different brand of software, which is not compatible with Quark Xpress.

"The software being compatible was a minor issue," said Orman.

"Members of the *Press* said they would work with us on having compatible software. We even considered switching to the same brand. But it still came down to not being able to do everything on the computer, and I think that is a skill the students need to learn."

With *The Lance* being on its own, students will also have to learn how to take care of subscriptions. By having the subscriptions, *The Lance* will have the opportunity to bring in more revenue and have more responsibility for their work; if they do not take care of the subscriptions, no one will get the paper.

The Lance intends to remain in positive correlation with the *Press* by submitting a student's story in the paper, having advertisements for

DeLuca Resigns

By John Wagoner
The Lance News Editor

Dr. Pascal (Pat) DeLuca resigned with his title of superintendent of the North Scott School Community School District. He has been with the North Scott School District for 13 years organizing the district's strategic plan.

"It will be sad to see him go," said senior Caleb Shreves.

"(His resignation) wasn't unexpected," said language arts teacher Dennis Hennigan. "He had dropped hits at an inservice meeting that he was looking for a new job.

"I wish him good luck in whatever he does."

DeLuca first came to the North Scott area when the Caterpillar plant was going downhill. DeLuca had come from Wisconsin after being a special education teacher and administrator. North Scott needed a superintendent, since the North Scott district lost almost 3,000 students along with 380 million dollars.

DeLuca has made many changes to

North Scott's schools and has met many challenges that have been successful. "The most memorable moment would have to be the bond referendum that we had to help create the new band and science area," said DeLuca. "I know that when I come back later in life to see North Scott I'll look at the band and science area and say I was there when they built that."

He has implemented the North Scott strategic plan and interest bargaining, which is involved with the cooperation of the North Scott Education Association.

He has solved many of the financial problems for the district and has created the ICN (Iowa Communication Network) classroom.

He also revised the school board policy manual, which the school board uses as a reference to ensure correct procedures for the school board's decisions.

DeLuca would not have been able to do all these things without the help of his staff, or without the help of the North Scott Community. "I would like to thank everyone for helping me make this a better district and for the great times," said DeLuca.

DeLuca attended Western Illinois University, where he majored in education, North Illinois University, where he majored in special education, the University of Wisconsin, where he majored in educational administration.

His past positions before he was superintendent of North Scott were an assistant superintendent, middle school principal, and director of special education for the school district of Waukesha, Wisconsin. When he was at the Madison Metropolitan School District he was a graduate assistant, program support teacher, and a special education teacher. In

the Harlem Consolidated School District he was a special education teacher.

DeLuca's first priority is to be in college administration for possibly a post-secondary school. He is looking at colleges around the Midwest—mainly southern Wisconsin, southern Minnesota, northern Illinois, and all of Iowa. He will still live in Eldridge by the time of the reviewing of the new superintendent, and the board will select the new superintendent.

The school board will be immediately searching for a replacement to fill in DeLuca's shoes to meet his skills and expertise. DeLuca will not be involved with the choosing of the new superintendent, unless the board asks for supervision. "I have great pride in being a widely known superintendent over Scott County," said DeLuca. "I'm sure the board will choose very carefully and do their best."

I've enjoyed many things while being the superintendent of

North Scott, especially *The Lance* for 14 years. They have responsible journalism and it has been fun being interviewed for all the events that have occurred during all these years," he said.

"I have all the yearbooks from the years I've been here at North Scott so I'm going to take all of those with me to remember this school and the yearbook class has done a terrific job all these years."

"It's sad to see him go," said Nancy Case, personnel director. "North Scott got their money's worth when they got him." This has been my 20th year working for North Scott and I can tell it's going to be hard for the new superintendent to reach his dedication to this school because he's hardworking, he has lots of meetings, and he spends all his time working and thinking for the school."

Sleepy Students

John Wagoner
News Editor

While students at North Scott learn their ABC's, they are also catching up on their zzz's. Teachers have been noticing that students have been dozing off while in class. The complaints of the sleepy students have been occurring in the last period, toward the end of the school day.

Although students look like adults, drive cars, and hold down jobs, adolescents go through a time of enormous physical growth – the final spurt before their final bones fuse and they reach their final height and shoe size.

Adolescents need a lot of sleep. While a six to ten year-old may need only eight hours of sleep, a teenager may need as many as 10 to 14. "It happens to me all the time," said Adam Winfield, sophomore, "especially when I am tired from working the night before."

Needing a lot of sleep is perfectly normal. It won't last forever, and think of all the homework, chores, hobbies, sports, and friends to keep up with. This is where time management comes in handy for students who believe they are tired a lot or fell sleepy during the day.

Trying to make up for lost sleep on the weekend

doesn't necessarily work. Sleep research has found that humans are creatures of habit. They do much better by sticking with a routine than trying to stay up late on the weekend and sleeping late. The natural biorhythms are a bit longer than 24 hours, meaning that it's a natural human tendency to start staying up later and sleeping later. Trying to reverse things, like going to bed early on Sunday night to getting up early Monday is much harder than sticking with consistent plan.

The National Sleep Foundation (NSF) is a nonprofit organization devoted to promoting public understanding of sleep and sleep disorders and to support sleep related education, research and to improve public health and safety. Then NSF conducted a survey, "Sleep in America." It was conducted on December of 1998 and early 1999 through telephone interviews with 1,014 Americans.

The NSF recently found out that not getting much sleep causes sleep deficits, being more prone to making mistakes, having accidents, and being in a bad mood. The NSF found out that 60 percent of teens, under 18

complained, about being tired during the day and 15 percent, children, reported falling asleep at school during the past year.

"Our research has shown that biological changes during puberty affect an adolescent's internal sleep-awake clock, many adolescents are physiologically not ready to fall asleep until 11 PM or later." Said Mary A. Carskadon, Ph.D., Council Chairperson of the NSF.

"The average teen needs about 10 hours of sleep, but many student sleep less than seven hours, due to the need to get to school and as a result, students experience sleepiness during the day," She said.

On in four parents (24 percent) surveyed by the NSF reported that they favored adjusting school hours so teenagers can sleep later in the morning. "It has been shown that schools that start later have students that better in their classes, but I think we should be allowed to bring pillows to class, the desks are too hard," said sophomore Kathi Weston.

The statistics also pointed out that there was an increase of 39 percent among parents whose children reported having fallen asleep at school

during the past year. "It time for high schools to synchronize their clocks with their student body so that teens are in school during their most alert hours and can achieve their full academic potential," said U.S. Representative, Zoe Lofgren. Lofgren has introduced legislation in Congress to encourage school districts to set later starting times, not to shorten the school day, and includes a federal grant to help cover administrative and operating costs associated with changing school hours,

"I know for a fact that over half of students population feel the need to, or do, fall asleep in school classes," said sophomore Chisti Garcia. "Some of them get bored with many of the teachers, or mainly the subject of the class, and they put their heads down and accidentally fall asleep."

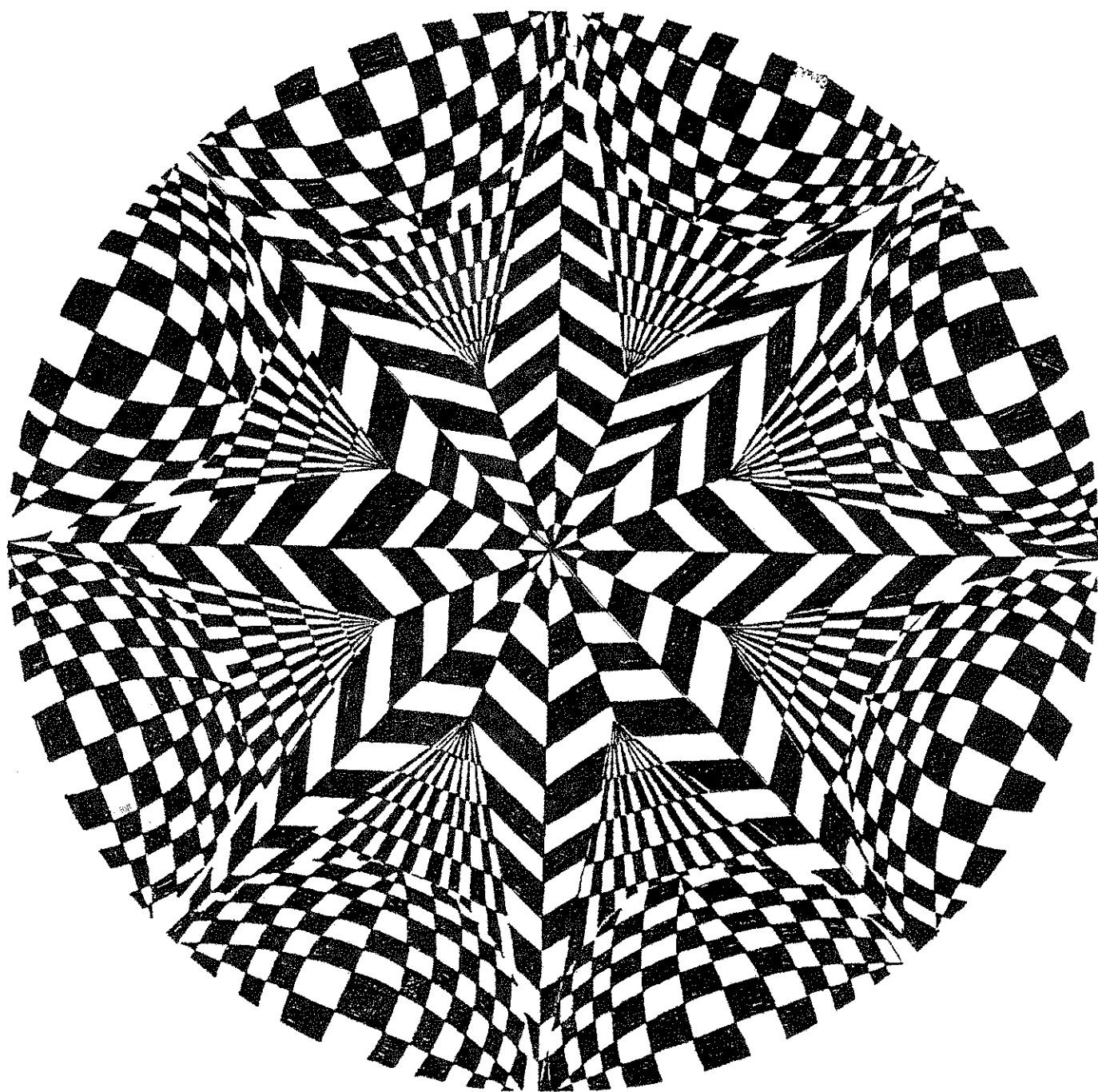
The NSF has reported some ways to sleep better and to stay fully awake during the day. Sleep is food for the brain, lack of sleep can make people look tired, feel depressed, irritable, and angry. Keep consistency in mind, maintain a balanced bedtime and wake time schedule. Experiment to learn how much sleep is needed to feel refreshed in the morning, and not tired. Get into bright light as soon as possible in the

morning and avoid it in the evening. The light helps to signal to the brain when it should wake up and when it should prepare for sleep.

"Yellow or white colored walls in the school would keep us awake," said senior Nate Mohr, "because the colors of the room put you to sleep."

After lunch stay away from coffee, colas with caffeine, and nicotine—which are all stimulants. The most important idea brought up by the NSF is to relax before going to bed. Avoid heavy reading, studying, and computer games within an hour of going to bed. Don't fall asleep with the television on; flickering light and stimulating content can inhibit restful sleep.

For more information contact the NSF by visiting their website at <http://www.sleepfoundation.org> or by calling 1-888-NSF-SLEEP.



Sarah Creecy
12th grade

